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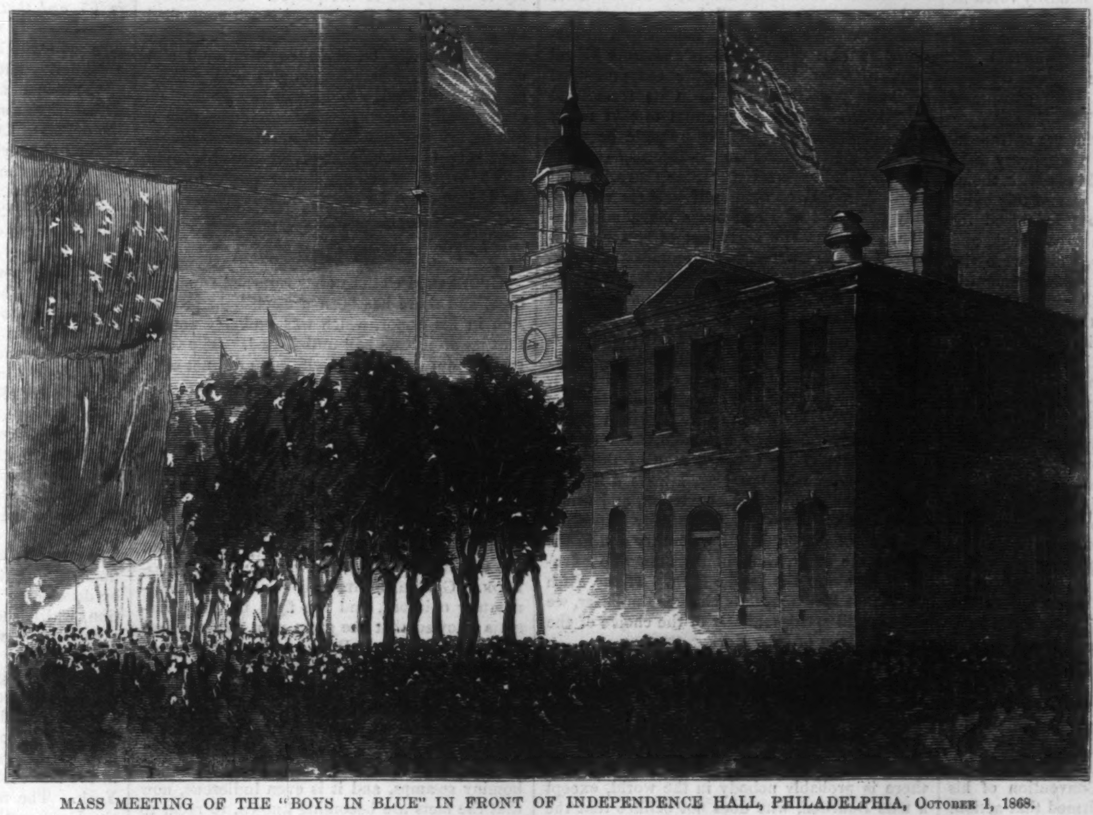
THE BOYS IN BLUE AT PHILADELPHIA.

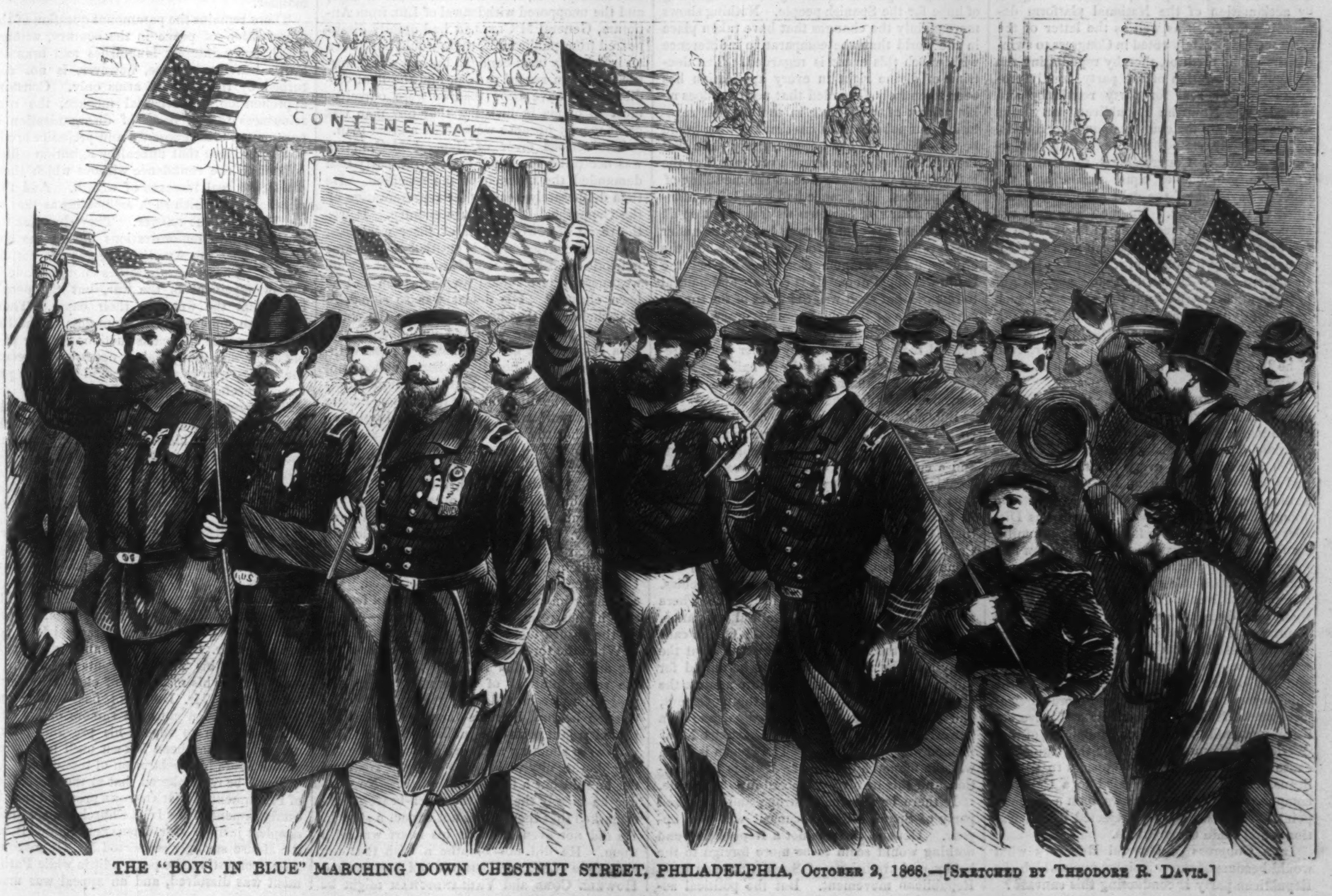
A FEW weeks ago it was currently remarked by the opponents of General GRANT that his nomination excited no enthusiasm. No doubt, therefore, our Democratic friends are somewhat surprised by the overwhelming majorities in Vermont and Maine which betoken as certain a victory for GRANT and COLFAX in November as was secured for LINCOLN in 1864. With the soldiers and sailors it is all one way. They know better than the politicians for what they fought, and they more fully appreciate the issues of this Presidential canvass. The Convention of Soldiers and Sailors at Philadelphia on the 1st and 2d instant, was, as regarded the enthusiasm which it called forth, the most remarkable affair of the kind that ever occurred in the Quaker City. On the 1st, delegations of the "Boys in Blue" from all parts of the country crowded every train leading to the city. A portion of the afternoon and evening was occupied by those who had arrived in hearing an address of welcome from Mayor M'MICHAEL, and the speeches of Generals BARNUM, KILPATRICK, BURNSIDE, and other prominent officers of the army. The mass meeting was assembled in front of Independence Hall. "Philadelphia's heart," says the *Evening Telegraph* of that city, "throbbed in one mighty pulsation of welcome to the brave 'Boys in Blue.'"

The quiet disbanding of our volunteer army after four years of war proved that this army was held together by no purpose beyond that of the salvation of the nation. This purpose, and this alone, still holds together the soldiers and the sailors, and their voice will therefore be listened to without hesitation by the masses of the people. It is well that they who fought should speak forth in times like these—that they whom GRANT once led gloriously through so many battles, should have a prominent share in the expression of the people's purpose to still follow him to a victory which is final and decisive.

The 2d of October was the great day of the Convention. It was a holiday in Philadelphia. The parade and procession was the grandest ever witnessed in that city. There were in the line of march delegations from all parts of Pennsylvania, from New York and Brooklyn, from Delaware, Maryland, and Washington, from Ohio, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont. Prominent in the procession was a battalion of prisoners from Andersonville, Belle Isle, and other prison-pens of the South, and closing up the line were ambulances and carriages carrying the maimed heroes of the war.



MASS MEETING OF THE "BOYS IN BLUE" IN FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 1, 1868.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



THE "BOYS IN BLUE" MARCHING DOWN CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 2, 1868.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

The streets were crowded with the citizens and with strangers who had flocked into the city by thousands; the houses also, decorated with the Stars and Stripes, were densely packed with spectators. In passing a given point this vast procession occupied an hour and ten minutes. It was like a second grand review of the armies of the Union.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 17, 1868.

GENERAL BUTLER AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THERE is nothing which has given the Republican party a stronger hold upon the intelligent moral support of the country than the action of its great National Convention. It met at a moment of extraordinary excitement, when conspicuous Republican Senators were denounced as pickpockets by certain members of the party because they honestly voted to acquit the President. As to the party consequences of their votes, those gentlemen were certainly as able and honest judges as their accusers, and they were of the sincere opinion that personal duty and the party advantage were coincident.

But the pressure against them was extraordinary. Conspicuous gentlemen were very anxious that the Convention should condemn them. General Butler, we believe, was of this opinion. The General had also pronounced for paying the Five-Twenties in greenbacks, and vigorously defended his views, which were virtually those afterward put into the Democratic platform. Fortunately the Chicago Republican Convention represented the sentiment of the party every where; and its good sense in refusing utterly to censure an honest difference like that involved in the impeachment, and its high principle in requiring payment of the debt according to the spirit as well as the letter of the contract, assured the country that the party was neither mastered nor represented by those who advocated national dishonor, and who sneered at morality in political action. The Republican party passed through an appalling peril last spring, and so triumphantly that its scope has never been fully appreciated. When trusted Republicans said that they were sick of the slang of honesty in regard to the vote of certain Senators, they merely emitted a feeble echo of the old Democratic cry, that it was a duty to vote for the Devil if he were regularly nominated.

The late Massachusetts Convention acted in the same spirit with that at Chicago. The National Republican party repudiated at Chicago the views and the policy advocated by General Butler, and the Convention of his own State overwhelmingly affirmed that action. Yet General Butler, who, after the adoption by acclamation of the National platform demanding the spirit as well as the letter of the contract, deliberately voted in Congress to swindle the public creditor, thereby repudiating the authentic declaration of the party, loudly professes peculiar seal for party regularity and orthodoxy. Now the Republican party asks the confidence of the country upon two grounds, both distinctly stated, and both fully understood. One is Congressional reconstruction upon the principle of equal rights, and the other is payment of the debt according to the spirit of the contract. No man who does not support both these measures can fairly claim to represent the party. If any such man receives a regular party nomination it must be assumed that there has been intrigue, and any upright party man is released from the support of such a nomination. What Republican in New York would feel bound, as a party man, to vote for Fernando Wood for any office whatever, even if he had received a regular Republican nomination?

But there is another than the technical party view. A man who openly advocates a breach of the public faith in one particular, as General Butler does, reveals a moral unsoundness which is perilous at every point. The General's attempts to hush up his views, to persuade the State Convention to say nothing about paying the debt, and to assure his District Convention that he favored only the mildest form of swindling, merely serve to show still more distinctly the danger of placing him in high and responsible position. The character of representatives in Congress does not concern their own districts more than it concerns the country. The Republicans of the Fifth District of Massachusetts have no right to send a man to Congress to make laws for New York and the other States who rejects one of the chief principles of the party, and more particularly when his declarations imply a positive political immorality. Let the Republicans of that district ask themselves whether they think the cause of the country, as it appears to Republicans, can wisely be intrusted to a Congress composed of men whose views upon a cardinal point have been distinctly rejected by the National and State Conventions.

In a Congress of General Butler's what would become of the principles upon which the Republican party is conducting this canvass?

If the Republican party in this country means to throw moral principle overboard, and if the effort is to be openly and distinctly made in Massachusetts, the party and the country are doomed. We might as well be ruined by successful rebellion as by triumphant corruption. And if Republican leaders are to teach that morals do not enter into politics, and that a nation may properly do what a man would be sent to the State Prison for doing, then such Republican leaders will teach and prove that good faith may as well be broken in one way as in another; and they will not hesitate to break faith with the loyalist at the South as well as with the public creditor every where. If the Republicans of the Fifth District of Massachusetts send to Congress a man whom they know is willing to swindle the bondholder, they send a man who upon occasion would betray the negro.

It is of incalculable importance that the party should not merely elect its candidates at this time, but should long retain power. The administration of General Grant, as his character and career assure us, will be firm, moderate, and wise. We may justly expect him to surround himself with sagacious and truly liberal men, who will help to secure the prolonged ascendency of the party upon its recognized principles. But it is essential to that result that our majority in Congress should be composed of men of moral scrupulousness as well as of ability and experience. "Smart men," adroit politicians, unscrupulous self-seekers will not only most seriously embarrass the administration, but throw the party out of power. Because General Butler was a prompt and vigorous military dictator at New Orleans in the midst of a civil war, it by no means follows that he is a wise or safe legislator.

The Republicans of the Fifth District of Massachusetts have a very serious responsibility. They are watched with great anxiety by their brethren every where. The opportunity is given them by the nomination of R. H. Dana, Jun., to determine between two men, both of unquestionable ability; one a man of the most spotless fame, who has been always a Republican by the profoundest conviction, and whose views are to-day the authentically expressed opinions of the party in the country and in the State; the other, General Butler, who advocates breaking the public faith. If the Fifth District of Massachusetts chooses the latter, we hope it will speak tenderly of the choice of the Fifth District of New York.

THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.

The throne of Isabella of Spain has fallen as suddenly and hopelessly as that of Louis Philippe in France twenty years ago, and there is probably nobody in the world, except a true Bourbon, who does not believe that the end of the Spanish monarchy is the beginning of hope for the Spanish people. Nothing shows more plainly the changes that have taken place in the world than the comparative indifference with which this event is regarded. The doctrine of divine right in every application has been so entirely discarded that not only does no king think of interfering in the Spanish revolution, but nobody imagines that any king would be so foolish. It has become pretty plain that the evil course of the French revolution of the last century was chiefly due to the meddling of other powers. If France had been left to manage her affairs in her own way, it is not at all evident that the country must have fallen under the tyranny of the terrorists. But when the crowns made common cause against her the result was inevitable. It is curious and painful to remark that such was the fever of the time—scarcely one of the chief contemporary foreign observers and critics of the Revolution comprehended the event which they either passionately denounced or enthusiastically hailed. From Burke to Paine the real significance of the movement escaped them.

But nobody will preach a coalition and a crusade against Spain. No sane human being can imagine that a reactionary rule of priests and a court like that of Isabella can be serviceable to any country; and no people in Europe would probably suffer its government to try to force her back upon her throne. Indeed that is the great change of which we spoke. Continental politics have ceased to be a mere game of kings. It is the people which has come to the throne even in the monarchies. This is strikingly illustrated in Spain. There appears to have been no substantial resistance. Gonzales Bravo resigns, and the Queen calls Concha to the head of the Ministry. But the army and the fleet are found to be united for the revolution. The cities declare against the Queen. Concha himself joins the movement, and the Queen leaves her kingdom, and is a powerless refugee at Pau, as Charles X. of France was at Holyrood. The Queen is gone, will the monarchy remain? This is the question, and this involves the possibility of trouble.

If there be any really strong and organized party of Spanish Republicans it will now appear. General Prim is not a Republican, and nothing would seem to be more foreign to the habits and traditions of Spain than any truly Republican movement. But the political activity and progress of the European mind is remarkable. The political aspect of the Continent by no means represents the political conviction; and the peace is as much kept by royal doubts of the real temper of the people as by hostile armaments. The debates and resolutions of the late Labor Congress at Brussels reveal the consciousness of the body of the people that they, and not the heads of Governments, are the real "persons of importance." John Bright, in one of his speeches, quoted the lines, written we believe by George Wither, which two centuries ago expressed a truth which has become in America, and is becoming in Europe, the cardinal point for statesmen to remember:

> "Know there's on earth a yet auguster thing,
> Veiled though it be, than Parliament or King."

This thing exists in Spain as elsewhere; and the times and the circumstances of the country invite its appearance. Whatever form the Government will now finally take must, it seems to us, be first determined by a constituent assembly or an appeal to the people. Such an appeal would be, of course, very much controlled by priests and reactionaries. But the result would inevitably be some constitutional and moderate government, although it were a monarchy. Speculation is useless in the face of events daily reported. But so remarkable a fact as the peaceful fall of the Spanish Bourbons reveals a condition of the Spanish mind which a truly sagacious leader might turn to the best account for liberty and progress.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

General M'Clellan has returned from Europe, and there has been a torch-light procession in his honor, which was probably not all that its projectors had anticipated. The General did not declare himself. He did not even name Seymour nor hurrah for Blair. He merely said "Thank you, gentlemen," bowed, and retired. As usual, he was in a false position. There is something touching in the continued determination of some interested persons to make the General a great or a representative man. There was, indeed, a time when the need of a great military leader was felt to be so urgent that, will he nill he, the country insisted that the General was he. He was the little Napoleon. General Scott had expressed complimentary opinions, and the fight in West Virginia showed that the great man was coming. The General went to Philadelphia and received a sword, and said, modestly, that the war was to be short, sharp, and decisive. And all the while those wretched Quaker guns were making mouths at him from Manassas. It was no fault of the General's that the country was deceived. But it is sad to think of the Chickahominy swamps, and it is even ludicrous, now that the facts are becoming known, to recur to that history. If, after the terrible seven days, and the unopposed withdrawal of Lee from Antietam, General M'Clellan had quietly disappeared from public view, there would have been an irresistibly tragi-comical, but not a very hostile feeling in regard to him, and the final verdict would have been that we were ourselves most to blame in insisting that any man was great merely because we wanted a great man.

The serious error of General M'Clellan was accepting the candidacy of the party that demanded the triumph of the rebellion. He then deliberately became the representative of the Copperhead spirit of the country. It was the result of conviction or of sheer weakness. If it were conviction he is entitled to the same patriotic regard as Wade Hampton. If it were weakness, where should we have been had he been elected? His defeat was so signal, so overwhelming, that he naturally left the country; and yet there was, and undoubtedly still is, a feeling that he is constantly drifted without his will into positions where he does not naturally belong. What could be more amusing than his nomination to a Republican Senate by Andrew Johnson as Minister to England?

Now that the General is at home again it must seem to him a little hard to be obliged to fraternize with Raphael Semmes and Robert Toombs. In 1864, indeed, they hoped for his election, but they took no other part in public affairs than being annihilated by Sherman and Winslow. It must be a singular sensation for the Union General whom Lee baffled in the field to help Lee at the polls by opposing the Union General to whom Lee surrendered. We can easily imagine General M'Clellan feeling that he has returned a little too soon—except for the absurd fate that always puts him awry.

When the torch-bearers came the other evening and M'Clellan reflected that they were the representatives of those who bitterly opposed the war in which he made all the distinction he has, how his thoughts must have played truant with the jubilant Boys in Blue who were shouting and singing and filling the neighboring city with patriotic joy! No wonder he said but a few formal words. No wonder he merely thanked the torch-bearers, and remarked that they would not expect a speech. He did not even say that his heart was with them. He did not breathe a wish that the candidate of Wade Hampton and Semmes and Howell Cobb and Vallandigham might be elected. When General M'Clellan thought of four years ago the spectacle must have seemed to him a little spectral. The report says that the crowd was disappointed. But what must General M'Clellan be?

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

The late great assembly of the Boys in Blue at Philadelphia shows how deeply stirred is the heart of the country by the issues of the political campaign. For the first time—and we see it with the utmost pleasure—the officers of the army feel that they have duties as citizens which they are bound to perform with the rest of us. The Lieutenant-General writes, indeed, that he thinks soldiers should not take an active part in politics—by which we hope he means no more than that they should not become brawling partisans. But General Sheridan telegraphs from Fort Harker, "*Say to the Boys in Blue that it is as essential to have a political victory this fall as it was to have an Appomattox in '65, and that every man who loves his country should vote for* Grant." These are the words of a man who is no less a citizen because he is a soldier. The truth is, that the vast majority of the officers and men of the war hope for the defeat of Seymour precisely as they hoped for the defeat of Lee. Mr. Hill, of Georgia, one of the most reckless of the late rebels and now of the "Southern Democrats," says, in a letter to the *Tribune*, that he finds very wide-spread conviction in the Northern States that the election of Grant will promote peace at the South. It is, indeed, a very wide-spread conviction. And there was a persuasion equally profound in 1864 that the election of M'Clellan would give success to the rebellion. They were both different forms of the same feeling.

The vast and enthusiastic gathering in Philadelphia was but a sign of the enthusiasm and resolution of all loyal men in this country. The question was asked by the shot at Fort Sumter, shall the Union be maintained? The question was asked by the nomination of Seymour, shall the Union be governed by its friends or its enemies? The spirit that saved the Union will now secure the control of the Government to its friends. All other issues have disappeared. The attempt of the Democrats to "push the financial question" has recoiled upon themselves by developing the truth of the financial situation, which shows that at the present rate of taxation the whole debt can be readily paid within twenty years, and that taxation can be incalculably lightened by a restoration of political confidence. The morals of Democratic financial administration are exhibited in the official conduct of the last Democratic Secretary of the Treasury. Its economy is shown in the financial management of the city of New York. The financial question has "pushed" the Democratic party in rather an unexpected manner.

There remains the paramount question of the preservation of peace in the country, without which every interest languishes and taxation grows heavier. Peace, however, is not disturbed by the clash of arms only. Constant apprehension, a perpetual menace, the consciousness that a party of disorganization is paramount, that ignorance and prejudice are in power, produce that unhealthy agitation which is fatal to the confidence without which there can be no real increase of wealth. And this question it is which such assemblies as that of the Boys in Blue answer. They show, as the great popular demonstrations during the war showed, that the American people are not deceived. There were mistakes enough made in the management of the war, but the people knew that the war was their cause. There have been some mistakes, doubtless, in the Republican policy of reconstruction, but the people know that that policy is necessary to secure the victory won in the field; and that that policy is therefore the policy of peace.

This was the significance of the jubilee of the Boys in Blue. This will be the meaning of the entrance of the Chief of the Boys in Blue into the White House.

DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE.

The English elections seem to promise a result as decided as our own. It is now supposed that Mr. Gladstone will have a majority of one hundred and thirty-six or even more. In regard to his opponent, the Prime Minister, Mr. Disraeli, the chief question has been, whether he would propose a still more radical Irish policy than Mr. Gladstone's, and whether he could carry his Tory adherents with him if he did, as in his measures of electoral reform. All summer Mr. Disraeli has been silent. There have been constant rumors of his cunning intention to repeat his previous policy, but nothing has been known until now, when he has made his declaration of intention.

It will be remembered that at the last session of Parliament Mr. Gladstone proposed the disestablishment of the Irish Church, an act of the simplest justice. Mr. Disraeli opposed it, but the House strongly supported Mr. Gladstone. After contesting the point a little while Parliament was dissolved, and an appeal was made to the electors. It was supposed by those who have more respect for Mr. Disraeli's ability than for his principle that he would soon ascertain the probable drift of the elections, and act accordingly. But simultaneously with the general concession of a large Gladstone majority comes the Disraeli declaration of which we speak, and which reasserts the policy that is apparently to be decisively rejected by the voters. This is interpreted to mean that Mr. Disraeli has discovered that he can not carry his party for any measure which will out-Gladstone Gladstone, and that he has resolved to go down with all his colors flying.

The difficulty for him is that even dull men can comprehend this question; and the Tory party includes that class of our fellow-beings. "I do not say," said Mill, "that all Conservatives are stupid; but I do say that stupid men are generally Conservatives." Even Squire Western can see that the "Papists" rejoice at the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland, and that is enough. To please the Papists is to encourage Popery, and to encourage Popery is to endanger the Protestant succession. Mr. Disraeli might refine upon householders and compound householders so as to make it appear that an enlarged vote must be an increase of Tory strength, but no jugglery could make an Irish policy which Popery applauded a true British policy—in the minds of Sir Roger de Coverley and his friends. And the cry of No Popery which Mr. Disraeli now raises is addressed to the modern de Coverleys and their intelligence.

But we confess that nothing in the Minister's career makes us suppose that he would hesitate at a still more remarkable *coup* than any he has attempted. If the election shows an immense majority for Irish reform, why should not the Queen open Parliament with a speech favoring it? It then becomes a Ministerial measure, and when the House adopts it it is a triumph of the Minister, and Mr. Gladstone does *not* come into office. Mr. Disraeli is probably very indifferent whether he remains Minister by Liberal or by Tory support. The theory of the British Constitution is, that the Ministerial policy shall conform to the declaration of a majority of the House. If a Minister is skillful and nimble enough to yield to the majority in time, the constitutional custom is maintained.

Hitherto it has been a point of honor with an English Prime Minister to represent the policy of one of the two great parties, and if his measures were defeated, to retire for the representative of the other party and policy. But Mr. Disraeli has changed all this. The Tory policy has been opposition to electoral reform. When Mr. Gladstone was in power three years ago Mr. Disraeli, as the Tory leader, opposed it. The Tory opposition prevailed, and he came into office. But the real conviction of Parliament, as he ascertained, was for reform, and he therefore proposed a scheme even more liberal than Mr. Gladstone's. Mr. Disraeli is not properly a Tory. His principle evidently is that the will of the House should prevail, and when that will is liberal Mr. Disraeli is Liberal. When that will demands disestablishment, why should not Mr. Disraeli disestablish? But there is probably a point beyond which even Mr. Disraeli's cleverness would not be tolerated. If he should attempt his old game, it is by no means improbable that the House would return to the old routine by a vote of want of confidence. This would certainly be done in the event, we suppose, if Mr. Gladstone had the nimble intrepidity of Mr. Disraeli.

THE DROUGHT IN ENGLAND.

We had accepted as correct the statement of the British press, and of numerous newspaper correspondents in England, that the great drought was broken by the rains which fell on and subsequent to the 11th and 12th of August. But although the rain-fall of August was three and a half inches, and vegetation had assumed somewhat of its ordinary appearance, particularly in the low valleys, yet no benefit had been conferred on the root crops, which are now past recovery, and but very little on the pastures. The expectations formed in England from these rains removed much anxiety; but, although but little is said on the subject directly, we suppose that they have been utterly disappointed. The subject is of too great consequence to the people of England and to the farmers of this country to justify any careless words in considering the present situation in this respect.

The *Manchester Guardian* of the 18th of September, in discussing the question of the supply of water to the town of Manchester, at the request of "the authorities" makes the following statement: "The drought still continues, and it has long ceased to be possible to anticipate or speculate with any degree of certainty as to the time when we shall have in this district any rain-fall which will materially increase the storage in the corporation reservoirs, upon which so enormous a population is dependent for the supply of water absolutely necessary for health and comfort. The drought has now, with little or no material interruption, *continued for the unprecedented period of nearly six months*, and it is hardly necessary to say that the Waterworks Committee have for many weeks past been compelled to consider in what way the consumption can be reduced, and been watching with the greatest anxiety the gradual but constant diminution of the water in the reservoirs."

Manchester is second in population among British towns only to London, and is the largest in manufactures, and her arrangements for the supply of water were on a scale corresponding with the importance of the place. In an area of 350 acres there was usually stored three thousand millions of gallons in a region 650 feet higher than Manchester. The water-shed, comprising the extreme east of the county of Cheshire and a small portion of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, consists of about 19,000 acres, part of the hills which constitute the back-bone of England. The River Etherow, which afterward becomes the Mersey, is the main source of supply. The Etherow, after receiving twenty or thirty brooks of various size, is arrested by three embankments thrown across the valley, whereby three reservoirs are formed, in which the water is stored. The ordinary depth of water in one of them is 84 feet, but in the same paper of the 15th it appears that its bottom, consisting of land which has not been reaped for twenty years, is now exposing its old furrows, that the lines of hedges long submerged may now be traced, and that the slight stream which yet flows has retired to its old bed, the banks of which had not been obliterated by the depth of 84 feet of water that had so long rested upon them. The rain, instead of entering these reservoirs, "was all absorbed by the ground."......"The springs that, united, constitute the water-course, are lower now than they were before the rains in August. Upon the moors the bogs are all dry, and great fissures and cracks in the earth serve to suggest how much rain the land will swallow before the springs are in the slightest degree affected." Water, however, was still stored in one or more of the reservoirs. "When the inhabitants consider," continues the *Manchester Guardian*, "the reports appearing constantly in the papers of the very short period (varying from one or two to three or four hours) during which water is supplied to the inhabitants *in neighboring towns*, and in other cases of the *entire failure of all supply* by the authorities, they have reason to congratulate themselves that the Corporation are, after such a period of drought, and notwithstanding the large demands upon their works, still able to propose to supply water for during eight hours of each day," etc.

We have been thus particular in presenting the facts with respect to this particular district, because they are of themselves interesting, and bear very strongly on the question about which doubt is expressed in our own papers as to the extent and character of the drought. The utmost candor and accuracy were required as between the authorities and consumers, and there was no temptation to mislead, such as may be perceived in the published telegrams from England with respect to the crops. The *Mark Lane Express* of the 21st of September says: "The renewal of the drought lasted up till Friday, and began to excite apprehensions, both in this country and abroad. But the copious thunder-showers that then fell gave promise of the needed supplies, and should October be fine we may have a very abundant aftermath, which would partly make up for the deficiency in the hay and root crops." Mr. Sanderson repeats his exaggerated estimate of 34 bushels of wheat per acre, and an increase this year of 3,000,000 quarters.

In our issue of the 26th ultimo we had occasion to speak of the appearance which the potato tuber presented in several fields of this district. They were described as being not larger than sparrow's eggs, and to have sprouted after the rains of the 11th and 12th of August. These were the late potatoes. A recent Number of the *Mark Lane Express* mentions that it is feared that some of the late potatoes will not keep through the winter, and the hope is abandoned that turnips sowed in the place of those destroyed previously will come to maturity. The potato crop is second only to that of wheat.

The situation, therefore, is improved only to this extent—that the pastures had become green, and afforded a slight and temporary amount of food to sheep and cattle; and unless the soil of England possesses qualities of an unusual character—in the *Country Gentleman* it is stated that a drought of only a fortnight near the maturity of the crop had diminished the quantity of wheat in the county in this State in which it occurred—it can not be otherwise than that every crop which was subjected to the drought in England in April, May, June, and July must have suffered largely. This is admitted of barley, oats, hay, hops, carrots, turnips, and pastures, but it is claimed that wheat is beyond the average! The Maidstone *Journal*, the organ of the hop-growers, sums up the *resumé* of this year's production of hops as follows: "Perhaps a greater discrepancy was never known in the growth—a great part very bad, another good. The amount must be less than an average, and a great part very indifferent." As this is generally a thoroughly and deep rooted plant, these observations apply equally to the crop of wheat, which is grown on light as well as on heavy soils, and from spring planting, and that largely, as well as from fall planting. The nearly entire destruction of many spring crops, and the partial destruction of wheat on light soils, justified the inference that wheat must be below an average. No *facts* have yet been presented in the British press to interfere with this reasonable deduction.

The farming interest of this country may therefore be sure that the drought in England and in parts of France, Russia, and Germany, will produce a large demand for food from our surplus, and if supplies of it from this quarter are not pressed upon the market in injudicious quantities, remunerating prices will be paid. The interests in London and Liverpool are too vast to induce a full exposure of their necessities and wants. Whatever their stock recently harvested may amount to it will be used so as to promote their objects most effectually, which are to obtain supplies in sufficient quantities and at low prices. The season has been too hot to justify large accumulations of food thus far, such as would be liable to become heated and damaged, and limits have been rigorously fixed, so far as wheat is concerned, which in their purchases have seldom been exceeded, as the consumption of the new crop permitted them to wait. A time will unquestionably arrive before their harvest of 1869, when it will be necessary to yield to outside views of price, but we have no disposition to aid in any speculations upon their wants, or to do more than to help in obtaining a fair price for our own products.

THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

At last the New Dominion Government has determined the route for the Intercolonial Railway, and that great thoroughfare is actually commenced. Engineers have been assigned to several sections, and gangs of men are at work on the Matapedia, Miramichi, and other points at approved intervals along the route. These initial steps have been taken so quietly that few are aware that the work is in progress.

The route selected is that known as the North Shore or Major Robinson route, which the Government has decided is the only one that provides, in a military and commercial point of view, for the national objects involved in the undertaking. The Western route, which seemed to present claims for special favor, was objected to as running so near the Maine frontier that it would be useless as a military road in case of war; while the Central route traversed, for the most part, an uninhabited wilderness. The North Shore line touches at the principal Gulf ports, and is the shortest of the three, the distance from Quebec to Halifax being 656 miles. But 171 miles are already built, so that the portion remaining to be constructed is only 485 miles—of which 167 miles are in the Province of Quebec, 238 in New Brunswick, and 80 in Nova Scotia. The total cost of the line is estimated at $20,000,000, or $4,000,000 more than for the Western route. The British Government guarantees the interest on $15,000,000 at 4 per cent., and there are $5,000,000 at 6 per cent. not guaranteed.

For twenty years an intercolonial railroad has been the dream of ambitious Canadians. As a measure of public utility, it was declared to be indispensable to the commercial and political advancement of the British Provinces, and finally came to be universally regarded so. By the efficient strategy of shrewd leaders, and the powerful engines of argument and statistics which they brought to bear, the necessity for such a road was made clearly apparent. Its construction, they showed, would unite and harmonize clashing elements, and prove a panacea for disorders that had long retarded the material prosperity of the country. It would promote trade, attract immigration, create wealth, and make the Provinces devotedly loyal to each other, if not to the mother country. For a long period the Intercolonial question served its purpose in many a close political contest, and at last supplied the mighty lever that accomplished Confederation. But for the pledge that the railroad would be built, New Brunswick never would have joined the Colonial Union; and without the assent of New Brunswick there could have been no "New Dominion."

Advocates of Confederation never ceased to press upon that reluctant Province the advantages which it must derive from the railroad. More than one-half the line would necessarily run through her territory, and her resources would be developed in a corresponding ratio. The mere pecuniary outlay for its construction ($12,000,000 or so) would of itself stimulate trade and make money abundant. St. John would be the chief entrepôt of the whole line, so that it would be enabled to compete easily with Halifax for its proportion of the heavy through traffic. Flour would be cheaper, and Canada would offer an open market for her manufactures. Other advantages, too numerous to mention, were to accrue to the Province from the construction of this road. All were conditional, however, upon her acceptance of Confederation.

And so New Brunswick yielded her prejudices.

But she has been overreached in the bargain, and now sees how comparatively valueless her new acquisition is destined to be. The road does not run within a hundred miles of St. John. Instead of traversing a rich and populous section of the Province, promising great commercial advantages and a fair pecuniary return, it skirts its northeastern limit, following a long and circuitous route through a sparsely settled region, whose trade is so limited that even with government subsidy it now barely sustains a fortnightly steamer for seven months in the year. But a far more serious difficulty is, that years before the Intercolonial can possibly be finished, the European and North American Railway, from Bangor to St. John, will have been in full and successful operation—thereby establishing an unbroken line of railway communication between Halifax and Montreal, and 25 miles shorter than by the Intercolonial route. Under the circumstances, it is difficult to see how the latter can ever secure any thing like a paying traffic; or, indeed, that it can ever prove other than a miserable failure. Honest and intelligent Provincials admit this already. The Grand Trunk Railway, which traverses the wealthiest part of Canada, was £17,000 sterling in arrears last year, after paying expenses; and the Intercolonial can not certainly be expected to do better. Two-thirds of the traffic of the Province must inevitably flow into the United States. It has long been awaiting an outlet, and the natural one is that by the road now building to Bangor. Produce will not be sent 650 miles to Canada when it can find a ready market within 300 miles. Of course the road will benefit New Brunswick beyond calculation; but the Province might have enjoyed every advantage it will confer without bartering her local privileges for the Intercolonial Railway, which will only prove a drag and a burden to her.

The purposes for which the Intercolonial was projected have never been a secret. Mr. Galt once said, when pressing its claims:

"We must keep our own trade within its own channels as much as possible. This policy must govern the expenditure of the country in the future. If we are to do our business through the States we might as well unite with them. There would then be no use for a separate country."

The railway project was used as a means to secure Confederation; a union of the Provinces was deemed necessary to prevent absorption by the States. In 1865 there was a desperate effort made, on the part of Canadians, to head off the advocates of Western Extension who were urging the construction of the road to Bangor. Nevertheless, New Brunswick subscribed largely, and the road is now in an advanced stage of progress. The scheme of the Canadians has been wholly frustrated; and the lesson has once more been taught of the hopelessness of attempting to turn aside the course of trade from its natural channels. As the "New Dominion" seems fated to do its business through the United States, taking Mr. Galt's own words, "it might as well unite with them."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

General Sully, our most experienced Indian fighter, is pushing the savages "to the wall" (wherever that may be) with extreme vigor. He has advanced beyond the borders of Texas. In Kansas the attack made upon Forsyth's command on the 17th, of which we give an illustration on another page, will call forth from General Sheridan the punishment which it deserves. General Sherman has the whole thing in charge, and when the refractory are to be punished he is a soldier who will not stop until the full penalty has been exacted. Forsyth's command arrived at Fort Wallace September 29.

General J. C. Hindman, late of the Confederate army, was assassinated at his residence in Helena, Arkansas, on the night of September 27.

General M'Clellan arrived in this port on the *Cuba*, September 29. His letter, read before the Democratic mass-meeting in this city on the night of the 5th instant, while it damns the Democratic cause with faint praise, emphatically eulogizes Grant's military career. How does "Baldy" Smith like such a contradiction of his recent articles in the New York *World*?

Robert Lincoln, eldest son of President Lincoln, was married September 24. His wife is Mary Harlan, only daughter of Senator Harlan of Iowa.

A letter has recently been published written by General Schofield—now Secretary of War—to General Grant, May 25, indorsing both the nominations and the platform of the Chicago Convention.

General Gordon Granger has been appointed to succeed General Thomas in the Department of Tennessee and Kentucky.

The statistics of Director Delmar, of which the Democrats have made so much political capital, have been materially modified by an official statement of Secretary M'Culloch, showing that Mr. Delmar overstates the public debt by $100,000,000, and the expenses of the Navy Department by $25,000,000.

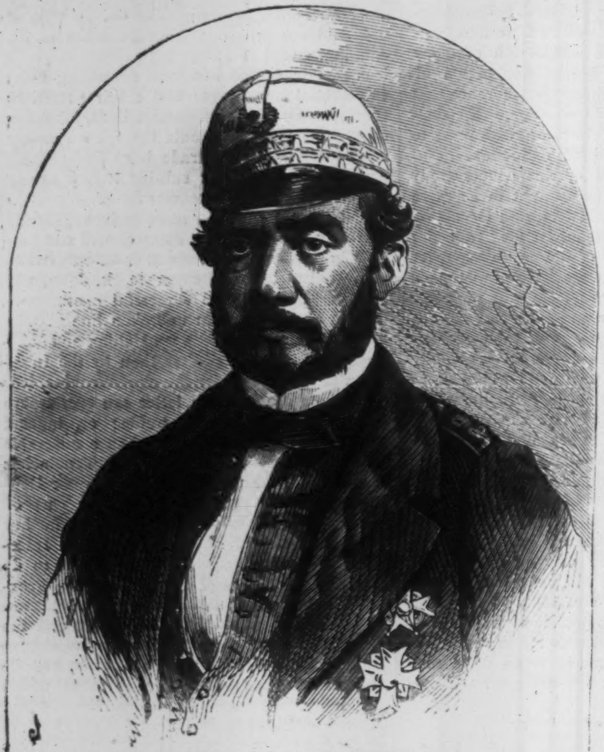
The Georgia Senate has tabled the bill declaring negroes ineligible to office.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Spain is now looking out for a ruler, having deposed the "last of the Bourbons." Napoleon, in this new emergency, has quite forgotten Prussia and seems bent upon carrying out his old idea of a grand alliance of the Latin races. The special mission from the King of Italy to Napoleon gives some plausibility to the impression that the French Emperor is disposed not only to enter into more amicable relations with Italy, but also to aid in the establishment upon the Spanish throne of either the son of Victor Emanuel—Prince Amadeus—or one of his sons-in-laws—the King of Portugal and Prince Napoleon. The fall of the House of Bourbon is, in any event, a terrible blow to the papacy.

Salnave has issued a lengthy proclamation to the citizens and soldiers of Hayti, offering amnesty to all the disaffected who will return to their allegiance.

Don Domingo Sarmiento, the new President of the Argentine Republic, has proposed negotiations for peace between Brazil and Paraguay. In the mean time the war against General Lopez continues with results favorable to the allies.



GENERAL DON JUAN PRIM.

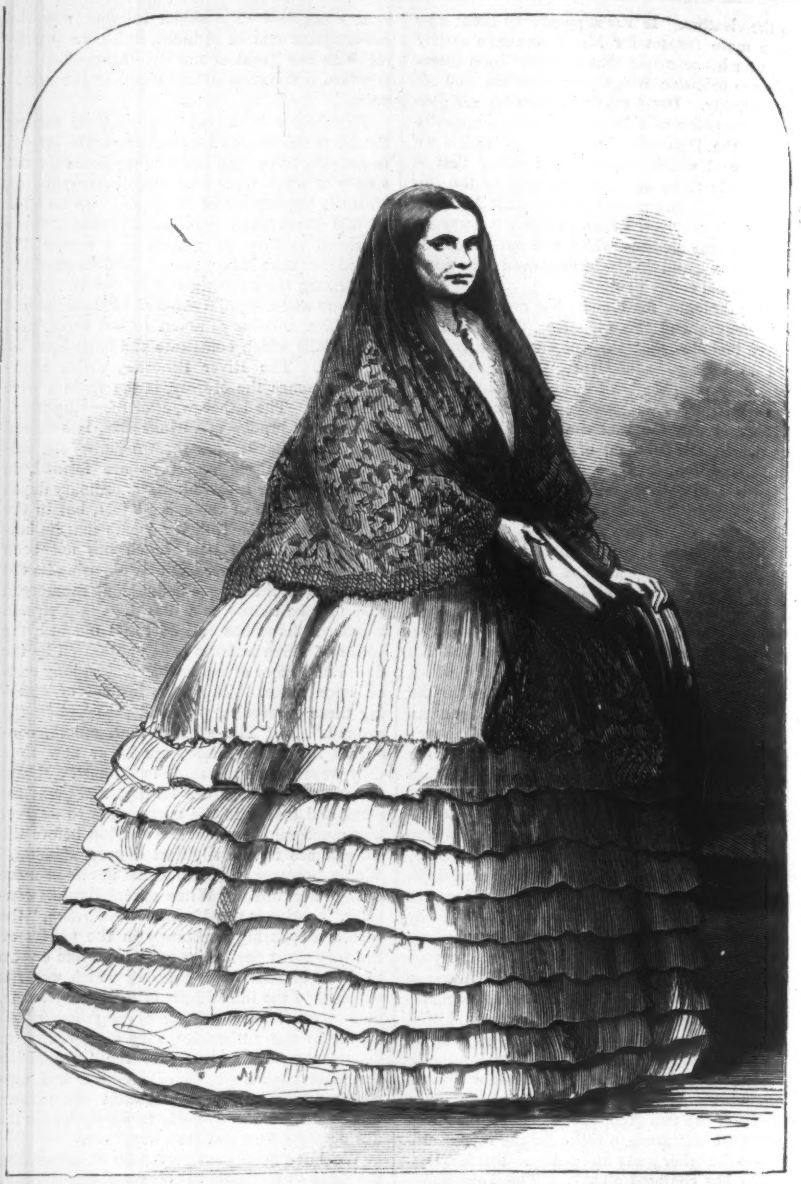
THE SPANISH INSURRECTION.

The Spanish Revolution is now nearly accomplished. It is the same storm that was muttering twelve months ago, and which has now burst in all its fury about the head of **Isabella** II. City after city, province after province, have swollen the tide of insurrection. Even the army is not to be depended upon. There has been little fighting; the revolutionists appear to have had every thing their own way. On the 3d instant Marshal **Serrano**—who, next to General **Don Juan Prim**, is the master spirit of the new movement—entered Madrid with seven generals of the army. The enthusiasm with which he was received by the citizens and the National Guard indicates that the revolution is as popular in the capital as in the provinces and other towns.

General **Prim** has had abundant facilities for studying the art of war. He visited the scene of the Crimean War in 1854 as the Spanish Military Commissioner. He was also present in Virginia in 1862, where he witnessed the operations of the Peninsular campaign, and had every opportunity for observing the discipline and tactics of both the National and the Confederate armies. The revolutionists have established a Provisional Junta; they have formally deposed the Queen, who is now a guest of the Emperor **Napoleon**; steps have been taken for an early election of a Constituent Assembly; Marshal **Espartero** has been called to the head of the state; and a new cabinet has been formed, with **Serrano** as President, and General **Prim** as Minister of War.

No radical revolution in the Spanish Government will probably follow this outbreak, even if we concede the ultimate success of the insurgents. The great purpose of the Spanish people is the overthrow of Queen **Isabella** and of the house of Bourbon. Queen **Isabella** has issued a proclamation protesting against the validity of the Provisional Government. But she is powerless to resist a movement already so successful.

Isabella came to the throne in the midst of a civil war. She was born at Madrid, October 30, 1830, and was proclaimed Queen when only three years old. She has had very little to do with the affairs of government, concerning herself chiefly with her own pleasures. She has forfeited the respect of her subjects. Her stanchest supporters belong to the Church party.



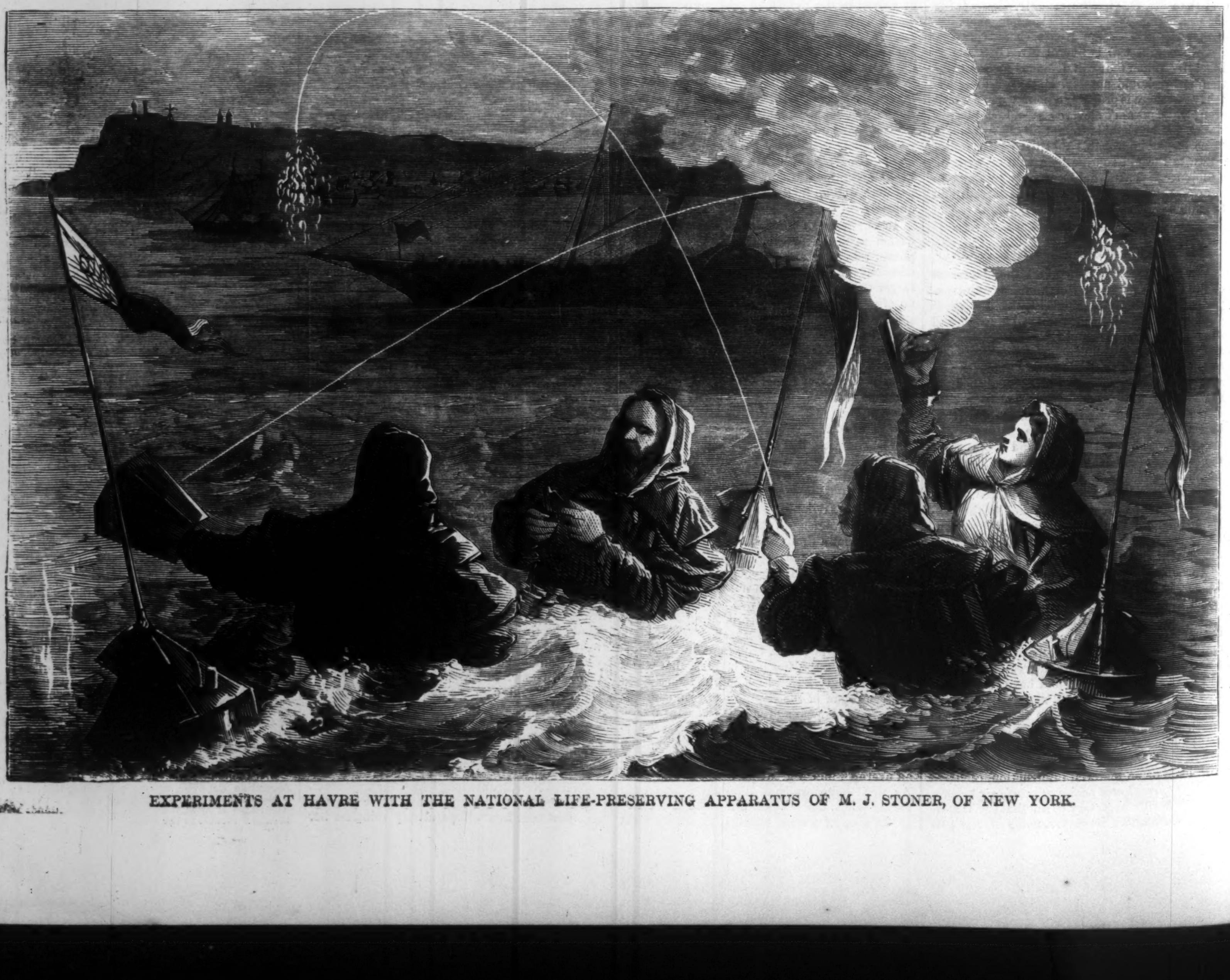
QUEEN ISABELLA II. OF SPAIN.

STONER'S LIFE-PRESERVING APPARATUS AT HAVRE.

A few weeks ago a throng of people gathered on the grand quay of Havre, whence the steamer *Courrier* was about to sail on an excursion. The municipal authorities, and a considerable number of literary and scientific men of note, were present by invitation. At two o'clock the wheels of the *Courrier* moved to the sound of music, and in half an hour the steamer was in the middle of the harbor, nine miles from land. In less than three minutes Mr. Stoner and his companion were dressed in their life-preserving costume, and leaped into the waves, furnished with a case of provisions.

They were soon almost out of sight, for the motion of the boat had not been slackened. The excited passengers kept their eyes fixed on the black spot that was dancing up and down on the waves, and waited anxiously for the boat which had put off to approach the swimmers. They were soon discovered taking a comfortable meal on the top of the waves from the covered buoy which served as their cupboard.

About an hour of this exercise served to give a sufficient idea of the efficacy of the apparatus. After their repast the gentlemen took paper and tobacco from the inexhaustible cupboard, and manufactured cigarettes, which they smoked at



EXPERIMENTS AT HAVRE WITH THE NATIONAL LIFE-PRESERVING APPARATUS OF M. J. STONER, OF NEW YORK.

their ease, while the waiters on the *Courrier* with an unsteady step offered refreshments to the ladies, and the popping of Champagne corks enlivened the scene. A vexatious rain, preceded by gusts of wind, hastened the return of the party.

A few words concerning Mr. Stoner's invention. A large cork belt, properly adjusted in a flexible manner, and covered by a garment of India rubber cloth in one piece, constitutes the whole costume. This garment clings of itself to the wrists, and with the aid of a hood and a few buckles is confined round the figure so as to leave the neck free.

Two leaden weights buckled on the feet serve to fix the centre of gravity low enough to keep the balance easily. Two canvas *nageoires* are adjusted so as to aid in moving and in guiding the course. By the side of the swimmer floats a buoy full of provisions, from which he can obtain fresh water by the aid of a small rubber tube. An upper compartment holds food enough to last a man several days.

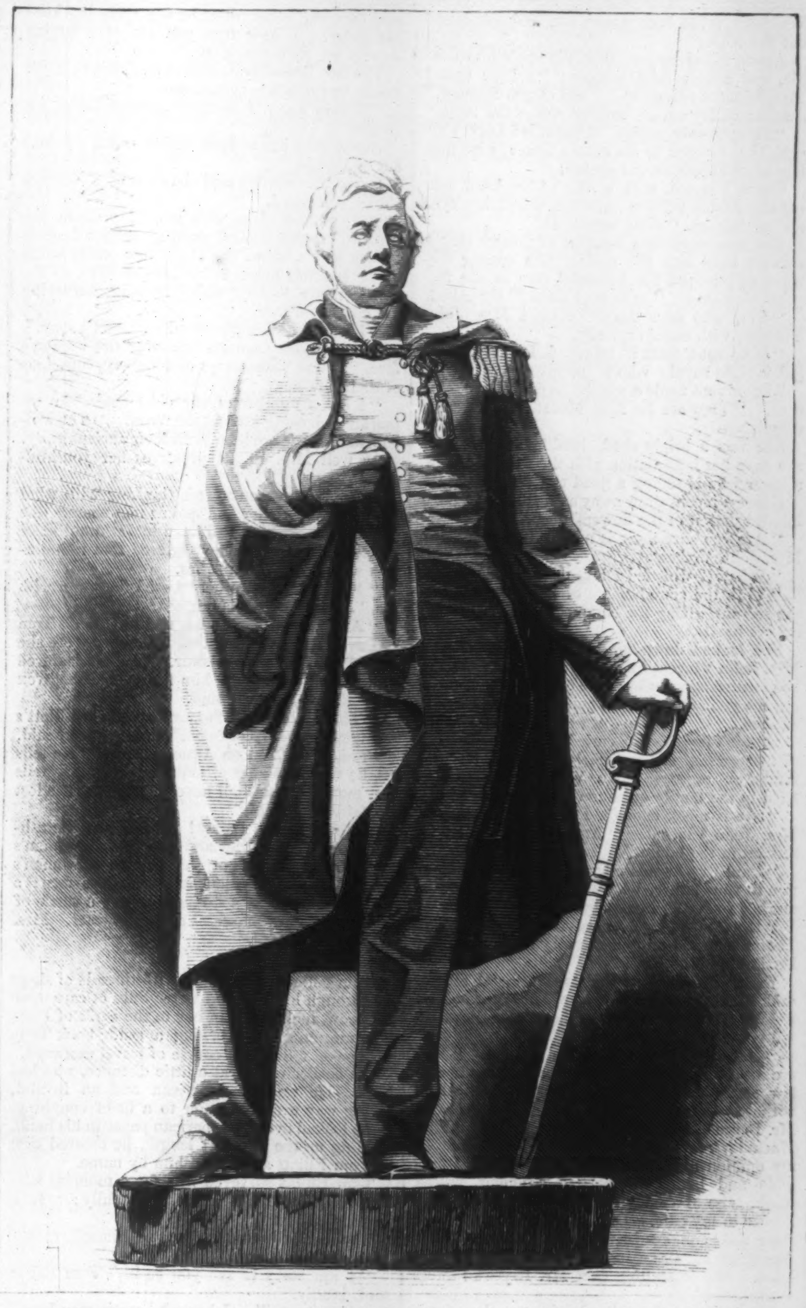
Mr. Stoner made another excursion on the 30th of August, accompanied by Messrs. Craddock and Edward Vanzandt, and Mrs. Craddock, who had consented herself to try the life-preserving apparatus. The spectacle this time was different: the *Courrier* left the dock at half past eight in the evening, and when the experiment commenced a strong wind raised the waves to an imposing height; the sun had long since disappeared, and the moon, at times covered by thick clouds, only lighted the scene at intervals. The spectators were filled with anxiety; for they had completely lost sight of these pioneers of progress, and were ignorant of their fates.

Luminous rockets soon revealed the whereabouts of the four swimmers. These are signals of distress, designed to attract the attention of vessels to shipwrecked persons who need their aid. Bengal lights were also displayed with excellent effect.

After so conclusive an experiment it may be affirmed that Mr. Stoner has rendered an important service to navigation and to humanity by greatly lessening the risks of life on the water.

After admirably enacting a rescue from shipwreck the experimenters were taken on board amidst the frenzied applause of the spectators, when their clothing was found to have remained perfectly dry.

The inventor, who is a native of New York, was received at the wharf with new huzzas mingled with the strains of the bands of music.



MONUMENTAL STATUE OF COMMODORE PERRY AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

J. Q. A. Ward, Sculptor.—Phot. by Rockwood, New York.—[See Page 662.]

JEROME BAILEY'S RESTITUTION.

We read of people "who have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semitones—touching the naked nerve pulps as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument." We read that "there are as great masters in this nerve-playing as Vieuxtemps or Thalberg in their lines of performance."

Agnes Macauley, up in her little room—it was a rear room, and in the third story—bathed her eyes, and bathed her forehead, and picking up a piece of sewing, took a few stitches, biting her lips, and wrinkling her forehead, and winking hard to keep the tears back. It was no use. Her fingers were unsteady, her head was aching, and there were tears trickling like rain down her cheeks. She tossed the sewing into a basket, and commenced walking the floor in a nervous, highly excited manner. Agnes Macauley had met one of these rare performers that morning, and her nerves were all vibrating yet to his skillful touch.

Agnes Macauley was a music-teacher; not a young girl with a slight knowledge of music, who made attempt to teach the rudiments, but a woman who might have made a noise in the world with her musical abilities, according to the opinion of her friends and the critiques who had listened to her singing and playing.

She had taken her stand at Mrs. John Vincent's grand piano that morning, a patient, moderately contented woman. She had kept time for three of Mrs. John Vincent's daughters with remarkable accuracy, and was busy counting for the fourth, when the door-bell rang with a clear, sharp, and decisive ring that sounded all through the house.

"Women never ring like that," remarked the eldest of Mrs. John Vincent's daughters, almost a woman. "I'm sure it's a man."

Agnes Macauley continued her count. "One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four; one, two, three—oh!"

At that sudden exclamation the child who was taking her music lesson paused with her fingers on the piano-keys, and asked:

"What's the matter, Miss Macauley? Did I strike a wrong key?"

Agnes Macauley did not answer. There was a wrong key struck elsewhere than on the piano, and she was looking straight at the visitor in Mrs. John Vincent's parlor door. It was a gentleman, who came directly forward with a smile that wreathed his whole face. Agnes Macauley thought involuntarily of Carker in "Dombey and Son;" Carker with his broad smile and gleaming teeth.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Macauley," was the greeting from between the shining rows of teeth.

If he had been Vieuxtemps or Thalberg he could not have felt more exquisite delight at sight of a grand instrument with magnificent compass and delicacy of tone.

Agnes Macauley shivered. It was the premonitory sign of the delicacy of her organization; and then, with a command of herself that showed her power of will, she said, coolly: "How do you do, Mr. Bailey?"

"I never was better," answered the gentleman. "My voyage has quite cured me of that old affection of the heart, or lungs, or liver that used to trouble me, and I flatter myself I am a perfect picture of health. I see music has its old charm for you."

Agnes Macauley made brief denial. "No," she answered; "music ceases to be charming when it is analyzed into one, two, three, four for the better drilling of pupils."

"I see you are devoted to the piano still, in spite of your indifference," the gentleman continued, as if his first touch had failed to strike the real responsive chord.

"Yes," Agnes Macauley answered, in a proud, defiant way. "I am devoted to the piano as washer-women to their tubs, and seamstresses to their needles. They are the tools wherewith we earn our daily bread."

The man had struck the right chord now. Jerome Bailey had made Agnes Macauley confess to him that she was a music-teacher. She glanced nervously toward the door. Why did not the Vincent ladies come?

Jerome Bailey shifted his touch, like a musician testing the compass of an instrument. "I suppose I will find your mother and sisters at the old place?" he remarked.

"The old place has passed into strangers' hands, and my mother and sisters have gone West," Agnes Macauley answered, in a voice that suggested a moan down deep in the springs of her life.

"Ah!" Jerome Bailey exclaimed, as if he were hearing the news for the first time. Agnes Macauley knew better. John Vincent's sister Grace had told her only that morning of her meeting Jerome Bailey the night before at Mary Elliott's *musicale*, and the surprise he had expressed at learning the reduced circumstances of the Macauleys. Why did not the Vincents come? She began to pick at the ends of the crimson sash thrown carelessly around her shoulders to protect her from the chill of Mrs. John Vincent's grand parlors.

Jerome Bailey smiled at the movement. If he had been Vieuxtemps or Thalberg, he had not smiled more at the vibration of the keys after his fingers had left them. "I would know that restless motion of your hands in Kamschatka," he said. "It was the only nervous trick you ever had. Are you quite well, Miss Macauley? Late hours used to bring the look in your face that it wears this morning."

"I am quite well. I was up late last night," Agnes replied, glad of an excuse for her jaded looks.

"I suppose you had a pleasant evening?" Jerome Bailey continued, scanning her face attentively.

It turned crimson at his scrutiny, and Agnes answered in a tone that was muffled and unwilling, "Moderately."

"Was the company large?" Jerome Bailey inquired.

"Only myself and another," Agnes Macauley answered, in a defiant way that was like the sharping of the previous note.

"I beg your pardon," Jerome Bailey apologized. "I met the Vincents and Lloyds at Miss Elliott's, and understood that the rest of our clique was at the Millers'. I mentally congratulated the Millers on your probable presence, and pitied the Elliotts for your absence. It was like you to decline both favors, because you must disappoint one or the other."

"You are mistaken," Agnes Macauley answered. "I declined no favors from either party. Neither Miss Elliott nor the Misses Miller include music-teachers in their lists of friends."

"Oh!" Jerome Bailey exclaimed, as if the truth just began to dawn upon him. "Music-teachers—perhaps—ordinarily—but you can never be any thing but Miss Macauley."

Agnes Macauley made no response. The artist, skillful though he was, had struck a key that made no audible vibration.

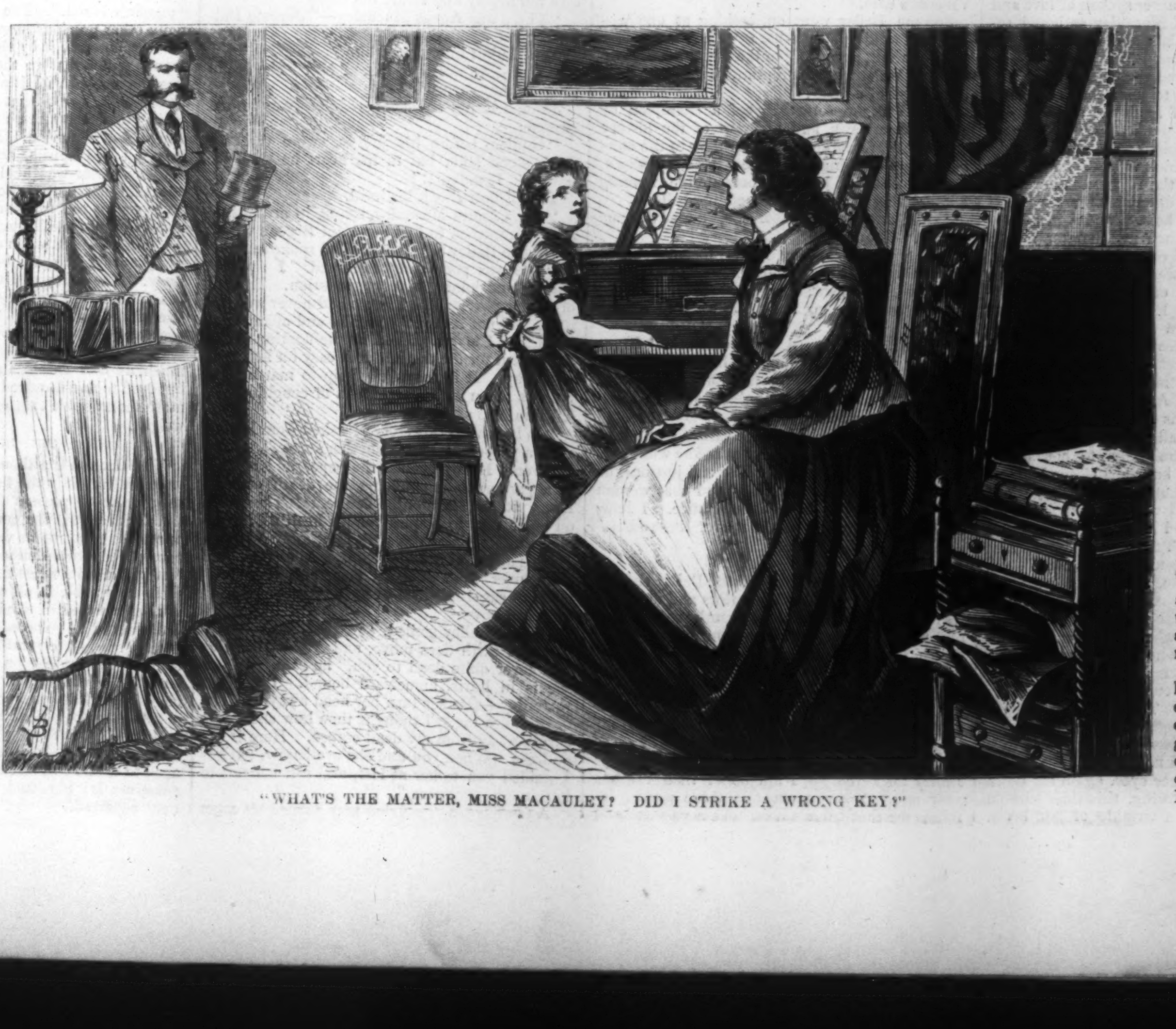
"Miss Elliott had a brother," Jerome Bailey suggested in a careless, off-hand way, as if he did not know that he had struck the master-key to which Agnes Macauley's life had once been attuned.

"Yes," Agnes replied, in that low, minor key of suffering that indicates suppressed feeling.

"I saw him at Naples. He was with Miss Stuart, affianced then, and to be married soon," Jerome Bailey remarked, in the affected carelessness of manner that artists sometimes assume when they know that they are striking master chords capable of producing great effects.

Agnes Macauley's eyes turned toward the door. Their look was helpless and hopeless. Would the Vincents never come and free her from this man's torture?

There was a sound of heavy silk crushing at every tread, the faintest imaginable tinkle of golden bells in a lady's ears, and Grace Vincent entered. Jerome Bailey arose with a great



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, MISS MACAULEY? DID I STRIKE A WRONG KEY?"

show of cordiality to greet her, and Agnes Macauley escaped out of the door to the little third story, rear room.

"Miss Elliott had a brother!" That was the key vibrating still that wrung the notes of torture from Agnes Macauley, walking the floor, biting her lips, and stifling her sobs. Miss Elliott, a star in the fashionable world, had become almost a nonentity to Agnes Macauley. It had been somewhat strange at first to receive cold bows and formal greetings from her old neighbor and reputed intimate when the Macauley bankruptcy began to be hinted about. It had been a little hard to note how the cool bows fell like a mercury down to zero, and the formality uplifted itself like an iceberg between herself and Miss Elliott as the Macauley bankruptcy developed itself. It had been something of a blow to Agnes Macauley's pride to find herself cut off from Miss Elliott's list of friends, and realize that she was actually "snubbed" when the Macauley bankruptcy became a fact beyond all question. But Miss Elliott had never been any thing to Agnes Macauley but old Mr. Elliott's daughter, and young Mr. Elliott's sister; a girl with whom it was convenient to laugh and talk, because of proximity of residence; a girl with whom it was pleasant to study fashion-plates, because she entered into the subject with such whole-hearted interest; a girl it was easy to regard interestedly to-day and forget to-morrow, because she had not sufficient depth of character to touch one's heart or become in the least necessary in one's life.

But Miss Elliott's brother was quite another person. He had been more to Agnes Macauley than old Mrs. Elliott's son or young Miss Elliott's brother. He had been a man with whom it was pleasant to talk and laugh, not because of convenient proximity of residence, but because he talked so well and laughed with such an honest and thorough appreciation of humor and good-natured fun. He had been a man with whom it was profitable to discuss important questions of life and character, because his views were clear and his judgments correct. He had been a man it was natural for women to regard interestedly to-day and remember with pleasure to-morrow, because he had depth of character to touch a woman's heart and become necessary in a woman's life. He was in Europe at the time of the Macauley bankruptcy. He went away "as good as engaged to Agnes Macauley," every body said. "He made no bones of showing his preference," the people affirmed. "And hadn't Agnes Macauley given Jerome Bailey and every body the cold shoulder for Tom Elliott?" But old Mr. Macauley's death and insolvency put quite another face on the matter. The Elliotts weren't people to marry any body, the public said; and Agnes Macauley wasn't any better than any body else since she had lost her fortune and taken to music teaching. She wasn't even as genteel as her sisters who had gone to some relatives West; but it was the way of women like Agnes Macauley to do something outlandish when they had a reverse of fortune. It was a wonder she didn't go out governessing and make herself a sort of upper servant in somebody's house. It would be just like her. And then the public wondered if she had heard from Tom Elliott lately, or whether she had released him. It was just like a woman of Agnes Macauley's stamp to release the man to whom she was engaged, though, to be sure, if Tom wasn't an Elliott, he was one to go through fire and water for the woman he loved; but there never was an Elliott that wasn't fond of money, and hadn't an eye to the main chance.

The public was right in one thing. It was like a woman of Agnes Macauley's stamp to release her lover; and a letter to Tom Elliott, after a settlement of her father's affairs, made the man as free as if he had never spoken of love and marriage. Then Agnes Macauley gathered together some music scholars and went to work, waiting nervously for Tom Elliott's answer. It must have been she shared the public belief that Tom Elliott was a man to go through fire and water for the woman of his love; and she did not see as clearly as the public that his being an Elliott made him avaricious; for she certainly entertained a hope—I think it was a faith—that Tom would not accept the release. She began to realize what a wide difference there was between Agnes Macauley, heiress, and Agnes Macauley, music-teacher, when month after month rolled by and not a word came from Tom Elliott. She had fancied there was something in Agnes Macauley, independent of her family and fortune, that Tom Elliott had loved. Most men assure the woman whom they woo that such is the fact, and Agnes Macauley believed Tom Elliott. It was the bitterest drop in the proud woman's cup of disappointment that, even to the lover whom she trusted, Agnes Macauley had no intrinsic value. She was like a cipher, dependent on side figures for all her worth. She was slow in accepting the humiliation, for her faith in Tom Elliott was great; but when Grace Vincent told her that Miss Elliott was assuring every body on her sacred word and honor that the affair with her brother and Miss Macauley was all off, and that he was with the Stuarts abroad and next door to being engaged to Bessie Stuart, she bowed meekly to her fate, and accepted the nothingness of her position. She really thought she had begun to be quite indifferent to her old life and dream of love, when her encounter with Jerome Bailey, a man who comprehended every body's weak points and made the most of them, showed her that her wounds were not healed, they were only hidden. To think that a reference to Miss Elliott's brother should stir her so, and he on the eve of marriage with Bessie Stuart! No wonder he did not write! She ceased her walk, and bathing her eyes, again sat down by the window to her sewing, this time without a quiver of her lip or a wrinkle of her brow. Woman's pride had stayed one and smoothed out the other.

Agnes Macauley, at Mrs. Vincent's lunch-table, was a very calm woman; "a little pale," Mrs. Vincent remarked; "and absent-minded," Jerome Bailey added, smiling across the table.

"Dangerously pretty," commented Dick Vincent in a whisper to his cousin Grace, with malice aforethought in the speech.

Grace Vincent, with a toss of her head that set the golden bells to tinkling, raised her eyes and exclaimed, "How beautiful!"

Her eyes were on a bouquet of flowers that a servant bore into the room. She sprang forward and buried her beautiful face in the fragrant blossoms. "Who sent them?" she asked.

"Yes, who sent them?" echoed Mrs. John Vincent, with eager curiosity.

"Who sent them?" repeated Dick. "The gift is right royal; who is the giver?"

The servant made a motion to pass Grace Vincent. "They are for Miss Macauley," she said, complacently.

She was a bright-eyed, intelligent girl; and she gave her information with the satisfaction of a jester who is telling a good story.

Grace Vincent drew away as if she might have inhaled poison in the flowers' perfume.

"Are you sure there is no mistake?" inquired Mrs. John Vincent.

"Whew!" whistled Dick, under his breath.

"With the compliments of Mr. Bryce," said the servant, giving the bouquet into Agnes Macauley's hands.

She looked down meekly, as became one of Mrs. John Vincent's servants; but there was the keen satisfaction in her tone of the jester clenching the good story with a pointed and unexpected joke.

Grace Vincent's lip curled. "The manners of that servant are extremely disagreeable," she remarked to Mrs. John Vincent. "She has lived in the family quite too long."

"She is meek enough, I am sure," answered Mrs. John Vincent. "And the most valuable servant in the house."

"Paul Bryce was under some business obligation to your father, I believe," Jerome Bailey remarked to Agnes Macauley.

"It is possible," Agnes replied, haughtily. The man would extract the very sweetness from her flowers if he could.

Dick Vincent whispered to Grace, "I always said Miss Agnes was a trump, but you wouldn't believe it. You see she takes tricks now. I tell you she has the power."

"Do be still," rejoined Grace Vincent. "You are so disagreeable, Dick. What a fuss about a few paltry flowers! Gracious! They'll all be withered to-morrow. I'm sure I don't care if Mr. Bryce chooses to cancel his old debts to Miss Macauley's father by sending her bouquets. In my opinion five-dollar bills would be more tangible and better appreciated payment. Just think, Miss Macauley sold me these golden bells I wear in my ears. Didn't you ever notice how their tinkle makes her start? I can make her face grow sad in an instant with a shake of my head. She is smiling over Mr. Bryce's flowers—now see!"

Grace Vincent gave her head a toss that shook the golden bells, but they failed in producing the desired effect, for Agnes Macauley was absorbed with her flowers and did not hear.

Jerome Bailey did, however, and quoted from Poe's "Bells:"

> "Hear the mellow wedding bells,
> Golden bells!
> What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!"

The slow, measured, recitative tone arrested Agnes Macauley's attention and sent the hot blood to her cheeks. She knew Jerome Bailey recognized the bells she had once worn, in Grace Vincent's ears.

Jerome Bailey went on, looking at one woman and talking at another: "They are yours, Miss Vincent, according to the eternal fitness of things. What more appropriate jewels than bells for a jewel of a belle?"

John Vincent, something of a champion of Agnes Macauley's, and ignorant of the history of the bells, remarked: "According to the eternal fitness of things they are Miss Macauley's. Compliments and bouquets point to the rhyming and chiming of golden and wedding bells."

"And last night's visitor also," added Jerome Bailey.

There was a crash at Dick Vincent's end of the table, and a water-pitcher was overturned, stupidly enough, causing great disorder, and giving Agnes Macauley an opportunity to excuse herself.

"Such an awkward piece of work!" Grace Vincent exclaimed, holding up her wet dress and darting angry glances at her offending cousin Dick. "Upon my word I think such carelessness is inexcusable."

Dick Vincent looked at the vacant seat where a woman had sat a few minutes before with tears in her eyes, and smiled. "The end justifies the means," he said to himself, "and that woman was galled almost beyond endurance. I hope she'll get Bryce, and queen it over these abominable women."

It was a year after that Jerome Bailey entered Mrs. John Vincent's grand parlors and made his way through a crowd of elegantly-attired men and women to the lady who sang at the piano. When the song was concluded, he greeted her cordially. "This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, with the old Vieuxtemps or Thalberg delight at sight of a grand instrument.

"How do you do, Mr. Bailey?" responded the lady. The way was Agnes Macauley's own.

"Every trip improved my health," Jerome Bailey answered. "I am better than I was a year ago. Your presence in these parlors reminds me that I made a mistake a year ago. I said then you could never be any thing but Miss Macauley. I hear that you are Mrs. Bryce. Accept my congratulations."

The lady bowed her thanks haughtily, as if she would be rid of her companion.

"Where are you living?" Jerome Bailey inquired.

Agnes gave her address with a smile. It was her old home.

"Are your mother and sisters West?" Jerome Bailey continued.

"My mother lives with me. My sisters are present," Agnes replied, smiling still, for Jerome Bailey had touched the chord that made some of the sweetest music in her present life.

"You are looking well," he said, surveying her contented face.

"I am well," she answered. "And happy."

Jerome Bailey ran his eye over the woman's face. It was Vieuxtemps or Thalberg, conscious of their power.

"I see a number of our old friends," he remarked, glancing around the room. "The Millers and Lloyds are here in all their ancient glory. How well Miss Elliott preserves her youthfulness!"

"Yes," Agnes answered, thinking with what intent Jerome Bailey had spoken that name. She could have sworn it had been in his mind since he entered. Only policy dictated that the allusion should come in a series.

"Miss Elliott's brother crossed the water with me," Jerome Bailey continued.

"Ah!" Agnes answered, indifferently. Tom Elliott's memory had ceased to haunt her ere she gave Paul Bryce his answer. She had believed him noble. She found him false. He shall vex my soul no more, she said.

"There was a false rumor about Tom Elliott's engagement to Miss Stuart," Jerome Bailey said, with his eyes fixed on Agnes's face. "He tells me he never thought of marrying her. He tells me, moreover, he shall never marry; he has lost his faith in women."

Skillful Jerome Bailey! There was a crashing sweep of memories and remorse in a woman's soul; a strange, faint sickness at a woman's heart; a sudden pallor in a woman's face; a helpless swaying of a woman's form; a rustle of silks, a flutter of fans, and a call for water. Mrs. Bryce had fainted.

Tom Elliott, a bachelor, with threads of silver all through his hair and heavy lines of care upon his brow, took a seat in one of the *cafés* of Paris one morning, and drawing a guide-book from his pocket followed a course of travel eastward.

An earlier visitor, at a little distance, watched him. He was an American and an invalid, giving way ever and anon to a fit of coughing, as he looked over an American paper in his hand. Folding up the paper at length, he crossed over to Tom Elliott and called him by name.

Tom Elliott surveyed him for a moment with a puzzled look, and asked, doubtfully: "Is it Jerome Bailey?"

The invalid bowed and seated himself, racked with a hollow cough.

"I am sorry to see you so ill," Tom Elliott said, kindly.

"Yes, I am ill. I haven't long to stay here," Jerome Bailey replied, sadly. "Where are you going?" he asked, suddenly changing the subject.

"I am meditating a trip to the East," Tom Elliott answered. "I have been studying the route."

"You are like myself, a wanderer on the face of the earth," Jerome Bailey remarked. "You have kept your word. You said you would never marry."

A shadow passed over Tom Elliott's face.

"I shall never marry," he said. "Women love too lightly and forget too easily."

"There was Agnes Macauley—" Jerome Bailey began.

Tom Elliott interrupted him.

"We waste words to talk of her. She is nothing to me," he said.

Jerome Bailey smiled incredulously as he answered:

"Galileo, before his judges, swore that the earth stood still; but in his heart he said, 'It moves! It moves!'"

Tom Elliott shook his head.

"I left Agnes Macauley, strong in my faith in her. I returned to find her Paul Bryce's wife."

Jerome Bailey bent forward and spoke eagerly:

"She was poor and persecuted. I saw her poverty and joined in the persecution. In spite of all her poverty, Paul Bryce had never won her if she had not believed you false and affianced to another. I myself picked up the floating gossip and told it for the truth. It is easy for letters to go astray. It is easy for gossip to mar a life." He was taken with a violent fit of coughing that left him pale and exhausted.

"What avails this story?" asked Tom Elliott, after a pause. "She is another's now."

Jerome Bailey opened the paper and pointed to a paragraph announcing the death of Paul Bryce at sea six months before. "They were on their way to Naples for his health," he explained. "Agnes was with him, and now—"

He paused and looked up. A change had come over Tom Elliott's face, and there was buoyant eagerness in his tone as he repeated:

"And now—"

Jerome Bailey smiled.

"The earth does move, and Agnes Macauley was never quite dead to you," he said. "Now she is in Paris, homeward bound. I saw her yesterday—saw her turn her head away as if she did not see me. I thought then how she would shrink away from my dead corpse. Here is her address. When you and she are happy, tell her I guided you to her at last, and ask her not to hate me in my grave."

A few days after a dying man turned his eager gaze toward the opening door, where a man and woman, yet in their prime, entered. The woman advanced to the bedside and laid her hand upon the dying man's brow, ministering to his wants with gentlest kindness. A smile flitted over the face whose light was fast fading out. With his little remaining strength he placed the woman's hand within the man's, and clasped them tight. "Tom and Agnes, I wish you all good!" he said, with his dying breath. And thus Jerome Bailey made restitution.

MONUMENTAL STATUE OF COMMODORE PERRY.

One of the finest specimens of statuary ever produced by a sculptor is the monumental statue of Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, recently presented to the city of Newport, Rhode Island, by August Belmont, of this city. This grand and impressive work of art, of which we give an illustration on this page, was conceived and produced by our celebrated sculptor J. Q. A. Ward, of whose former works we have given occasional illustrations in this journal.

This statue was formally unveiled in Truro Park, Newport, on the 1st of October. The local military officers, and the crews of the United States frigate *Saratoga* and the revenue cutter *Crawford*, formed a part of the procession. Mayor Atkinson made the speech of acceptance, and an address was afterward delivered by the Rev. Dr. Francis Vinton, of New York.

Commodore Perry was born in South Kingston, Rhode Island, in 1795, and was a brother of Oliver Hazard Perry, of Lake Erie renown. When only five years of age he entered the United States navy as a midshipman, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in 1813. In this grade he did good service, particularly upon the coast of Africa and in the protection of commerce against pirates in the West Indies. In 1826 he was commander, and eleven years later a captain. His service was chiefly on foreign stations; but he also contributed largely to the organization of our steam navy. In 1838 he was ordered to Europe on special service in connection with dock-yards and light-house administration. He succeeded David Conner in command of the Mexican Gulf squadron, and during the Mexican war accomplished the reduction of the entire gulf coast of the enemy.

The service for which Commodore Perry is most distinguished, however, is that performed by him as Commander of the Japan Expedition. Appointed to this command in 1852 he succeeded in negotiating a treaty which opened the way to commerce between Japan and other nations. This treaty secured for him a world wide reputation. He returned home in 1856, and died March 4, 1858, while engaged in special service growing out of his successful expedition. The monument which has been erected to his memory does justice to him while it reflects honor both upon the donor and the artist.

PRECIOUS JEWELS.

THE RUBY.

We generally speak of the diamond as the most valuable of gems, but this is not really the case. The ruby is the most valuable, but it depends for its rarity upon its color. The ruby is the next hardest thing to the diamond. It is found principally in the East. Siam, and Ava, and Ceylon afford the most plentiful supplies. In Burmah the finding of one of these jewels is made a state event; the grandees of the empire go out to meet it, with elephants and all the grandeur of Eastern state. There are many shades of red, but the hue most approved of, and commanding the highest price, is that of the "pigeon's blood." The ruby, in common with many other precious stones, had magical properties attributed to it by the ancients; indeed, we do not doubt that in the East the superstitious ideas connected with it are as rife as ever. Our ancestors believed that it was a preservative against evil thoughts, and that much dreaded thing of old—poison. It kept the wearer safe from all evil spirits, and, what was more, its sanitary power was held to be so great that he was said never to suffer in his bodily health. Moreover, it was supposed to be endowed with a certain occult intelligence. It was believed that the gem darkened when danger awaited a person, and grew bright again when the peril had passed away. The King of Burmah, one of whose titles is that of Lord of the Rubies, has one the size of a pigeon's egg. The value of these gems goes on increasing at a much higher ratio than that of the diamond. When its weight is as much as four carats, its value varies from four hundred to five hundred and fifty pounds, a sum more than double that of a diamond of the same weight.

THE DIAMOND.

The diamond, although only second in real value, is certainly the first in our affections. It seems also to possess the most commercial attractions, as it is the gem most dealt in, and the one most constant in value. From the earliest ages of the world diamonds have been sought for by fugitive princes, as the passports which render them acceptable in all countries. The diamond is mostly found in tropical countries, and especially in India. The composition of the diamond is pure carbon crystallized. Newton long ago came to the conclusion that it was combustible, an opinion entirely opposed to that of the ancients; but Lavoisier proved the English philosopher's notion to have been rightly founded, for he burned it in oxygen, and obtained as a result carbonic acid. Although science has thus managed to destroy it, science has never managed to construct it; if it had, its value would have at once departed.

THE EMERALD AND AMETHYST.

The Oriental emerald is an exceedingly rare jewel, and so is the Oriental amethyst. These, like the ruby and the sapphire, are varieties of the corundum, the Indian name by which they are known. The reader may not be so well acquainted with what is termed the cat's-eye jewel; it has the reputation of being a very lucky stone, and it is sold sometimes for very large prices in consequence of this supposed quality, for there is nothing very beautiful in its appearance to recommend it. The ancients, who had not arrived at the modern perfection in jewel-cutting, were in the habit of engraving their jewels, and Mr. King, in his volume on precious gems, has given us some very beautiful examples of this art.

The emerald is principally found in New Granada, but many are also found in Salzburg and Siberia, principally in limestone rock. This gem is a great favorite with Mohammedans—chiefly, we suppose, from the color. The Orientals believe it possesses marvelous powers of a very diverse nature; for instance, it is considered capable of endowing the men with courage and the women with chastity; it is supposed to possess many medicinal qualities as well, but it is not necessary to mention them.

THE BERYL.

The beryl is composed of the same material as the emerald, with the exception of its coloring matter. This can scarcely be called a precious stone, as it is found in large quantities. We are told, indeed, that a mass weighing five tons was found in this country. It is used in Birmingham (England) under the name of aqua marina, in making cheap jewelry.

ROCK-CRYSTAL.

Rock-crystal is one of many valuable minerals which belong to the quartz system. It is very generally distributed over the globe in large crystals. Lumps of this mineral, often weighing many hundred-weights, are found; and it is used rather in the manufacture of articles of virtu than of gems for the adornment of the person. We meet with it in old goldsmith's work, and curious cups and goblets are made out of it, which are often most delicately cut. Like some of the gems, it was supposed by the ancients to flush with color when poison was poured into cups made from it. Indeed, crystal has always been supposed to possess magical properties. The Japanese and Chinese use it largely, and, among other purposes, as a refrigerator to cool the hands. The cairngorm, onyx, carnelian, amethyst, sardonyx, agate, and chalcedony, all belong to the same quartz system as the rock-crystal.

THE OPAL.

The opal, the most delicate of gems, depends for its beauty very much upon the temperature: its rainbow-like tints—or rather, we should say, its iridescent flashes, like those on the breast of a pigeon—are always the most brilliant in warm weather; this fact should teach the wearer that it should be worn as a summer gem only. There are several kinds of opals, the most valuable being known as the noble opal; then there is a more deeply and evenly tinted red opal; and the Mexican opal, which loses much of its lustre upon being exposed to water. Thus it will be seen this jewel is very sensitive to atmospheric effects, and possibly this is the reason why it has been supposed to possess some supernatural gift. The opal is unique in one respect—it can not be imitated with any success. This jewel, when large, is very valuable; there is one in the museum at Vienna valued at thirty thousand pounds.

AN EPISODE IN ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

The year following the late civil war I spent in one of the most beautiful cities of the late rebellious States—in a city to which nature had contributed most lavishly. An unusual amount of ill health and lack of loyal society were the causes of my forming a warm and intimate acquaintance with the family of the presiding physician of the Government hospital in that city. As the location of the hospital and the grounds about were airy and pleasant, it was not rare for me to spend one or two days out of each week in the Doctor's family.

The systematic, admirably arranged, and conducted duties attendant upon the hospital was owing chiefly to the efficient management of the hospital matron, but whose appearance and manners were any thing but attractive to casual or even studious observers. She was tall and gaunt in figure, with faded blue eyes, and her gray hair falling about her face when she stood still, but flying in various directions when she moved (such was the velocity of her pedestrianism), gave her a peculiarly wild and haggard appearance. She usually wore an old-fashioned straw-hat, tipped back on her head, in order to be ready for any emergency that might call her without. Usually a hat worn by a woman on the heavenward side of fifty gives an impression of one trying to hide the snows of winter under the promise of a spring-time that blossomed years ago. But when the matron came bustling into the Doctor's room, with hair a-flying and voice pitched to the highest, hardest, and most piercing key, giving accounts of the unfaithfulness of sub-officials and employés about the various wards, no one had the disposition to insinuate that she had any desire to ape youthfulness or deceive one in regard to her amiability. She seemed an embodiment of endurance, and every wish and aim of her existence crystallized into the one hard word—business. Early and late she toiled, as if driven by some remorseless task-master, so it was really tiresome to think of her.

Being in the Doctor's room one day when she came in explosive with wrath and indignation, I remarked, after she went out:

"What a strange, hard, unfeminine creature your matron is! I wonder she doesn't make you fairly nervous with her address and peculiarities."

"Oh, indeed!" he laughed; "that would ill befit me. I couldn't manage the hospital at all without her. She is fire, water, earth, and air to the whole concern. Her bark is worse than her bite; and with all her repellent ways she has the tender heart of a woman. I have seen her cry over many a poor fellow; but mind you, she never lets tears blind her from seeing when something than tears will better avail him. Moreover, through her influence she obtains many valuable donations to the hospital." After a moment he added, "You know she belongs to one of the first families of Baltimore—the famous book publishers?"

"No," I answered. "I knew her name was Conness, but I never thought of associating her with those of Baltimore. But that being so, how came she in her present position? or how do you reconcile her ways and manners with the refining and cultivating influences that must have been her inheritance by birth and surrounded her early days at least?"

"Ah, as to that, she has a *history*. If you can get her to tell you that you will have the key to the whole. I learned it by the merest chance; but you, being a woman, ought by some subtle womanly tact or sympathy to be enabled to get it honestly. But you may be sure that that woman has a heart, and a rare one," emphasizing his words as if I doubted the existence of any save the actual pound of flesh doing organic duty under her bodice.

That my curiosity was fully aroused it would not be wise to doubt. The more I thought about it the more eager I grew to know, and also the more delicate about asking her any direct questions. But I found out at last, and it happened in this wise:

Passing by her room one evening I found the door wide open, and looking in saw Miss Conness sitting by the window in such an atmosphere of silence and repose that I ventured to ask if she were ill.

"No," she said, slowly, "only thinking. Will you come in and sit down?"

Her voice was so changed from its wonted pitch and harshness to softness and a tone of gentle sadness that I sat down wonderingly, feeling that it was all an illusion, and she would presently start up and assume her old manner. I looked at her face, and that too was softened and relaxed, and the dim faded eyes were aglow with a warmth and beauty I had never seen in them, and I began to wonder if she had not once indeed been quite beautiful. She sat looking out the window, as if she were looking in fields and gardens farther away than my eyes could see, rather than on the space of landscape that bounded the vision from her window. At the same time I also observed that she held a volume of poems in her hand, and in the opening of the leaves was a miniature on ivory of what looked like the face of a young man. I at once recognized the poems as being those of Philip Whitney, and fancied that the picture might have connection with the poet, and said, by way of saying something:

"I see you get time for some reading, Miss Conness. Is Whitney your favorite poet?"

She did not answer me at once, but after a little said, softly, "Yes, *he* is my favorite poet; indeed, to me there is no other. You would not dream that through all these hard, working years, in which I have grown old amidst suffering and care, and become harsh and apparently unfeeling, that in my heart blooms a garden of perpetual beauty and light and love that no circumstances of fate can disturb, and to whose fragrance and freshness I am never weary of turning! I rarely talk of it, but to-night it will do me good to talk it all over and dream about it. It may be equally difficult for you to believe that I was once called beautiful. My friends—you know of them, at least—are wealthy and aristocratic; and even so long ago as when I was young, girls were educated and accomplished, and I had every advantage that could be desired. I had suitors from the best and most influential families. But the only man I ever loved or cared for beyond common friendship was Philip Whitney. To me he was the embodiment of all manliness, tenderness, and gentleness. But he was penniless, and my father forbade my 'throwing myself away upon a poor, shiftless, lazy writer of rhymes.'

"Having been trained in the rigid Puritanic manner, I had no courage to violate my father's will, and to be a dowerless wife to my penniless lover would only be like clipping the wings of my song-bird. But how I loved him!—loved him not jealously or selfishly, for I would have given him my soul's salvation for inspiration to his song, or my body as a stepping-stone to his advancement. Any thing, every thing, for Philip's sake, was the one anthem and refrain of my whole being.

"But he was poor as he was proud, and sensitive as he was gifted. My father's rejection of his advances, and positive contemptuous treatment, united with my own determination not to burden him with myself, unless by marriage I could materially aid him, touched his pride, and he left me, bitterly saying the time would come when the name of Whitney would be a prouder one than ever that of Conness had been; and the 'poor, shiftless writer of rhymes would win the name of *Poet.*'

"He went away, and I have never seen him since. The silence that came of his absence became unsupportable. Fortune deserted my father's coffers, and he, dying soon after, left me free to work for my living or accept the proffered support of wealthy friends. I chose the former, and placed myself where the demands of duty and necessity would drown with their whir and activity the regret and sorrow that would otherwise have room to grow.

"Philip—that was the name I called him in those beautiful days—is a great poet now. I gathered in his poems as they appeared in papers and magazines, as so many pulsations of his heart that I could feel. I learned them, and count them over in my speech as a nun fingers the beads of her rosary. Every word and line and stanza have a meaning that none other sees as I do. I see the light of his eyes, the glow of his face, hear the sound of his voice, feel the clasp of his hands, as I saw, heard, and felt them in those beautiful days—oh, *those beautiful days!* He must have gray hairs now—not so gray as mine, I fancy—and he has wife, and children, and home, and fame, and friends, while I am poor, and lone, and old. Yet I would not give the memory of that short, brief splendor and passion of his love for me for all that the world giveth;" and burying her face in the printed poems she gave way to quiet weeping. It was no time for words, and, rising, I passed noiselessly from the room, leaving the faded and worn creature to dream of the love whose glow still animated her heart.

Since then I never hear the name of Whitney or his poems mentioned but there instantly arises the image of that woman in whose heart is distilled the sweetness and beauty of every song the great poet has sung—the woman whose love is greater, more noble, more inexhaustible than the poems the world applauds—the woman *faithful even unto death.*

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"A Smart Stroke of Business"—Teaching writing.

A Great Patron of the Turf—Old Scratch.

Why is a beardless lover a more hairy man than a soldier bearded like the pard?—One is *hirsute*, but the other is *hirsuter* (*her suitor*).

ADVANTAGE OF BEING POOR.

A poor man never has any taxes to pay. He can sit down and laugh the assessors to scorn, and read off the big appropriations made by councils with a feeling of indescribable exhilaration.

A poor man can enjoy life. He lives in a rented house, and it needn't worry him any to see it abused, and his equanimity need not be disturbed if it burns down.

A poor man can repose in the bosom of his family and know that there is no avaricious young man prowling around after any rich daughters.

Nobody wants the poor man to die; nobody is lying around in misery and impatience waiting for him to die, so as to absorb his funds.

Another thing—no poor man is ever worried by debt, for nobody will ever trust him, and when he does see a greenback he heartily enjoys it.

A Cross-Breed—The *Equine-ox!*

Of Course it is.—Is a stolen child "*cribbed?*"

Knows his Seal.—A correspondent describes a gentleman so dreadfully pitted by small-pox that he uses the tip of his nose to seal his letters with. Oh!

A Stupid Thing To Have—*Dull* care!

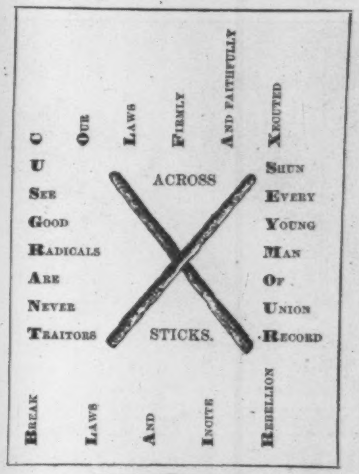
What town in Ireland reminds one of a candle just burning out?—Wicklow.

Out-riggers.—Tailors.

A chap from the country, stopping at one of the hotels, sat down to dinner. Upon the bill of fare being handed to him by the waiter, he remarked that he didn't care 'bout readin' now—he'd wait till after dinner.

The man who takes the great Panes—The big glazier.

When is coffee real estate?—When it's ground.



A lady whose family were very much in the habit of making conundrums was one evening asked by her husband in an excited tone: "Why are all these doors left open?" "I give it up!" instantly replied the lady.

The Greatest Organ in the World—The organ of speech in woman; an organ, too, without a stop!

A lady with a Grecian bend looks to a country youth like a crook-necked squash struck by lightning.

An Irishman telling what he called an excellent story, a gentleman observed he had met with it in a book published many years ago. "Confound these ancients," said Teague, "they are always stealing one's good thoughts."

A PUFF FOR THE GRECIAN BEND.

"Tell me," quoth John, "why this Principe,
  Now nearly burnt to the twisted end,
Is like the panier which we see
  A lady wear with the Grecian bend?"
Says Jim, "The answer must plainly be,
  It is manufactured to back her, my friend."

Conductor (*to man on sidewalk*). "Ride, Sir?"

Man on Sidewalk. "No, thank you; I am in a hurry."

Men grow so like machinery,
  Machinery like men,
That soon to trace the two apart
  Will puzzle tongue and pen.

"Well, how did your wife manage her shower-bath, deacon?"

Deacon. "She had real good luck; Madam Moony told her how she managed. She had a large oiled silk cap with a cape to it, like a fisherman's, that came all over her shoulders and head."

Doctor. "She's a fool for her pains. That's not the way."

Deacon. "So my wife thought."

Doctor. "Your wife did nothing of the kind, I hope."

Deacon. "Oh no: she used an umbrilly."

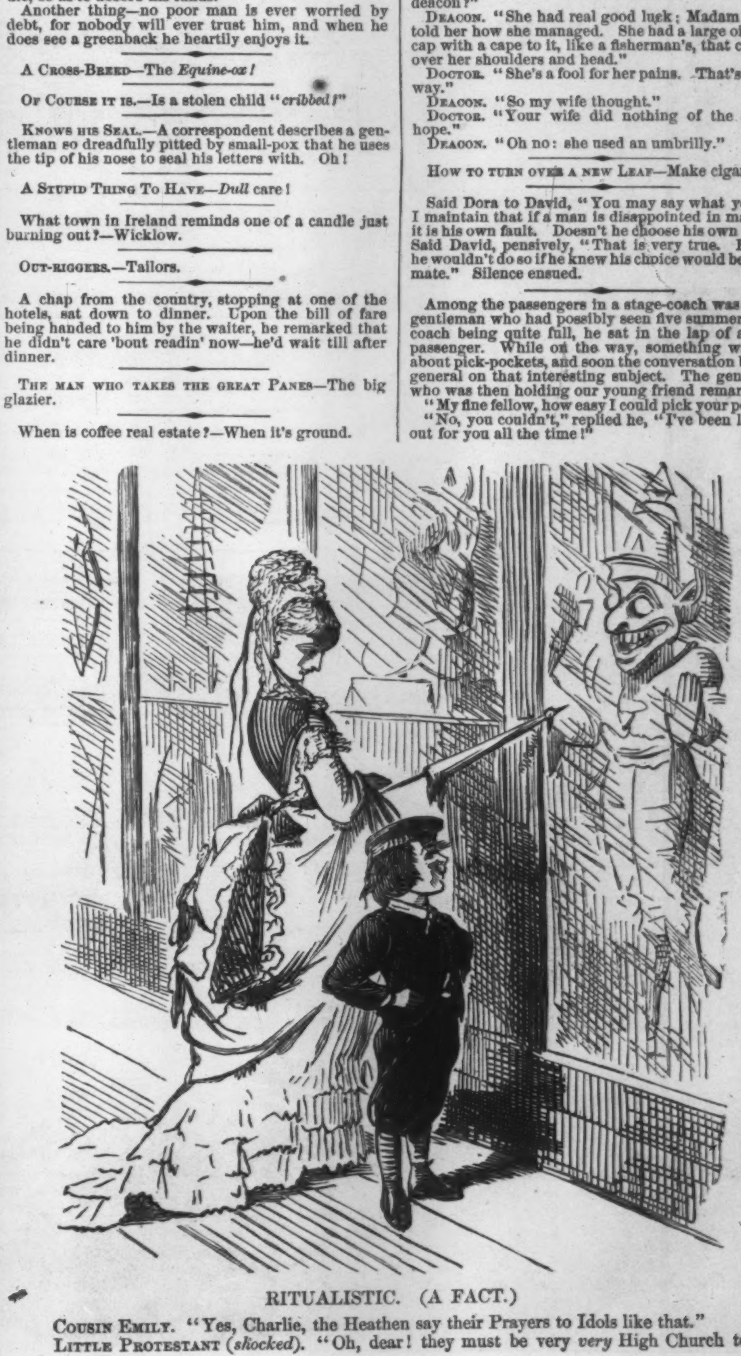
How to turn over a new Leaf—Make cigars.

Said Dora to David, "You may say what you will. I maintain that if a man is disappointed in marriage, it is his own fault. Doesn't he choose his own mate?" Said David, pensively, "That is very true. Perhaps he wouldn't do so if he knew his choice would be checkmate." Silence ensued.

Among the passengers in a stage-coach was a little gentleman who had possibly seen five summers. The coach being quite full, he sat in the lap of another passenger. While on the way, something was said about pick-pockets, and soon the conversation became general on that interesting subject. The gentleman who was then holding our young friend remarked:

"My fine fellow, how easy I could pick your pocket."

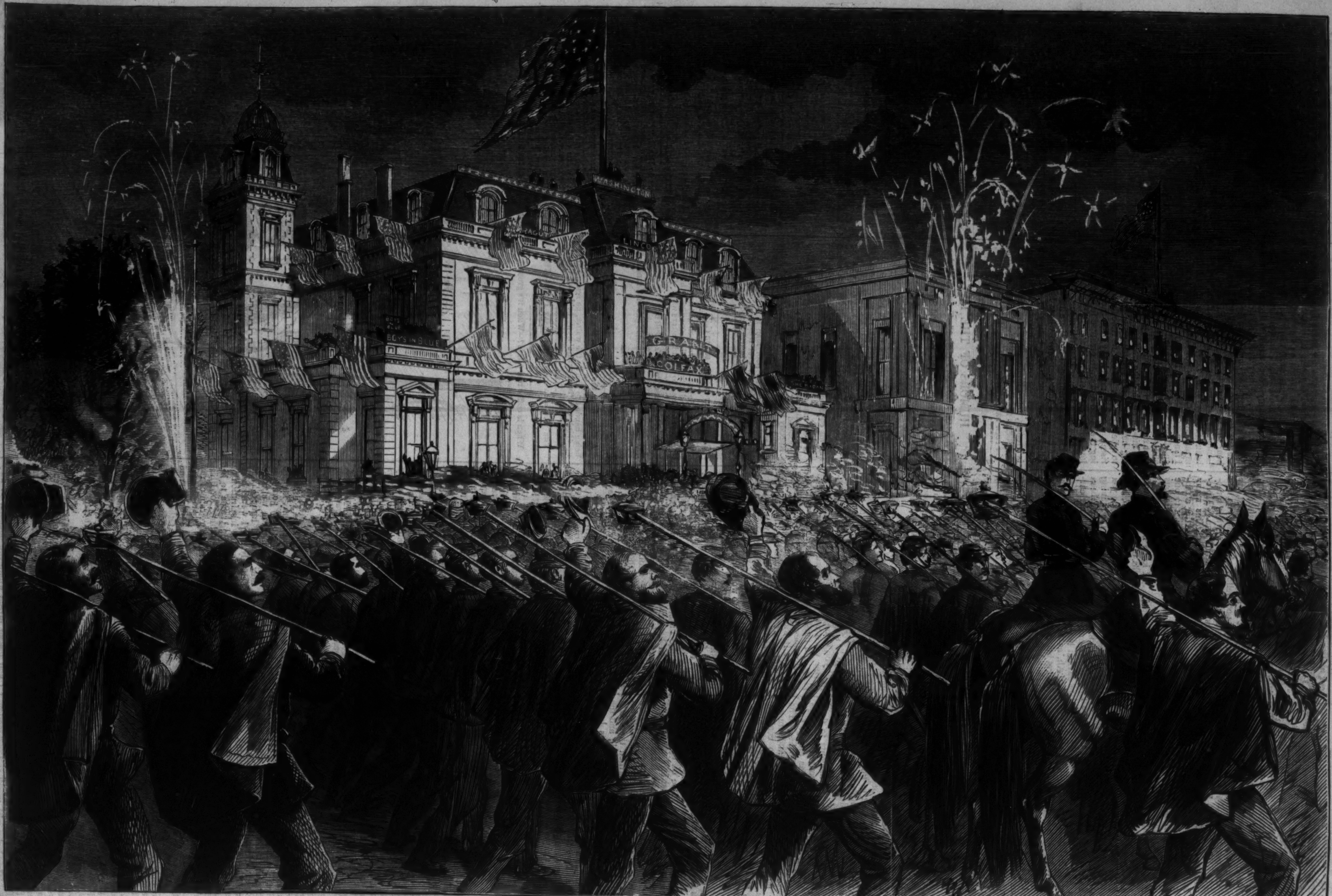
"No, you couldn't," replied he, "I've been looking out for you all the time!"



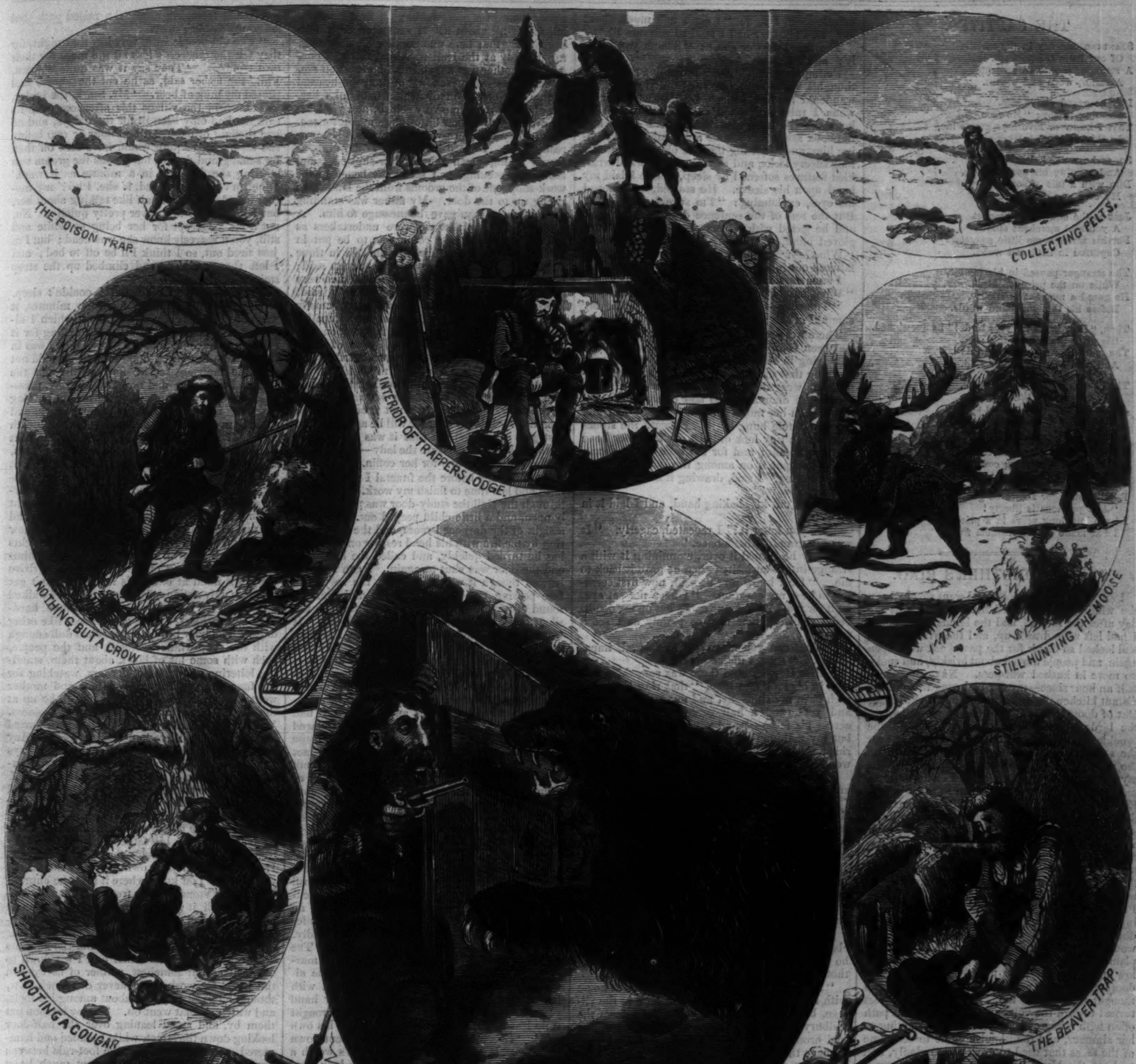
RITUALISTIC. (A FACT.)

Cousin Emily. "Yes, Charlie, the Heathen say their Prayers to Idols like that."

Little Protestant (*shocked*). "Oh, dear! they must be very *very* High Church to do that!"


WASHINGTON
BOYS IN BLUE
GRANT
COLFAX

GRAND PROCESSION OF THE "BOYS IN BLUE" AT PHILADELPHIA, October 2, 1868.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See First Page.]


THE POISON TRAP.
INTERIOR OF TRAPPERS LODGE.
COLLECTING PELTS.
NOTHING BUT A CROW.
STILL HUNTING THE MOOSE.
SHOOTING A COUGAR.
THE BEAVER TRAP.
OTTERS FISHING.
KILLING BUFFALO.
PROTECTING TRAPS.
RETURN TO THE FORT.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A TRAPPER.—[Sketched by W. M. Cary.]

THE CAPTIVES.

Standing one day in the market
Of our little sea-port town,
A stranger sauntered past me—
A sailor, worn and brown.

Idly he gazed about him,
Seeming to say: "No face
That I know or love here greets me,
In this crowded market-place."

So, as he walked, I followed—
And meeting his upraised eye,
Dim with a tale of sorrow,
My own was scarcely dry.

Just at the end of the market
A youthful merchant stood;
For his wares some little songsters
Captured in field and wood.

The stranger paused in his ramble,
While on the prisoned birds
He gazed a moment in silence,
Before his thought found words.

Then, "How much for your birds?" he questioned.
His price the vendor told;
The man drew a purse from his bosom
And paid him in foreign gold.

Then turning back to the cages,
He opened each tiny door,
And straightway each little captive
Flew out, and was seen no more.

He watched their flight while, astonished,
Still nearer pressed the crowd,
And many a wondering comment
Was uttered in accents loud.

But the stranger answered gently:
"Ah! precious is liberty!
I have lain long years in a prison;
I but made these prisoners free!"

MY GRANDMOTHER'S RING.

I shut the garden-door, and went slowly down the winding path toward the lane. It was the day after the funeral, and the blinds in the house I had left were drawn up, and the windows that had looked so blank for the past week were open again, and people moved about briskly, and spoke no more in hushed whispers. Nay, once—not half an hour since—my ear had caught, from the distant kitchen regions, the ring of a light laugh. Out of doors the sun shone on the green leaves, the birds sang in the elms overhead, and the brooklet in the little wood gurgled merrily over the stones. Yet, as I turned and sat down on the mossy step of the old sun-dial, and pressed my aching brow against the cold stone pillar, I thought I had never looked upon so sad a scene. Even now, when a pang of sorrow strikes me, there rises to my mind the image of the long, low white house, the turf all wet and glittering after the shower, and I hear the dripping of the rain-drops from the leaves, and the carol of the lark as I heard it on that day, for it was my mother who was dead, and I was very lonely in the world—an orphan, brotherless and sisterless. Presently I stood up, tied on my hat, and going wearily on to the white gate, leaned over it doubtingly. A week ago—only a week—she would have told me where to go, would have planned some errand for me; now, I must follow my own fancy, for my grave uncle within doors was deep in parchment deeds, and had no thought to spare for me. Instinctively my feet turned toward the village. I had trod that path often with a bag or basket on my arm, acting as her almoner, and the impulse came to see some of the faces that used to greet me so gladly, and to hear the blessings breathed upon her name. On I went, lingering for a moment at the turnpike, where the old gate-keeper shook her head sadly at sight of my black garments, and spoke her simple words of sympathy amidst her tears, and passed the school, where the children in the porch hushed their laughter as I went by. Just beyond the school play-ground there stood a low thatched cottage in its little garden, and I turned in there, for an old man, sick and suffering, lived in that house, and sickness and suffering touched me closely just then. He was sitting by the fireside quite alone, and as I lifted the latch he turned his head, and a feeble light came into his dim eyes. "Ah, Miss Hester, I was thinking of you only a while ago. Will you be pleased to step in and take a seat?"

He made some attempt to rise from his own wooden chair; but I stopped him hastily, and drawing a low stool toward the fire, sat down at his side. "How is the rheumatism to-day, Philip?"

"Well, it's baddish, Miss—thank you kindly all the same. I had a hard night with it; but I mustn't grumble, for I've suffered little in my life, and I shall be eighty-two come Whitsuntide."

"Your daughter's out? I heard she had been ill."

"She's middling again now, Miss, and she's gone to do a day's washing up at Squire Lawson's."

"And left you all to yourself," said I, pityingly. "Poor Philip, how long the day must seem!"

"No," answered the old man, slowly; "the hours go quick enough. At first, when I was laid by, it did seem long, and I was all agog to be up and doing; but now I sit here by the fire, and think of the days that are by-gone; and ofttimes I'm taken aback when the setting sun comes shining in at the window yonder. But," he added, suddenly, "I didn't ought to be talking on of myself now, and never asking so much as a word about you and the dear mistress that's just gone. You'll miss her sorely, I'm thinking."

"Yes, indeed." But, somehow, my wound was too fresh for more than those two words; and reaching a book that I had lent him from the mantle-shelf, I said: "I can't talk much about her yet, Philip. Shall I read to you now?"

The usual answer came: "Thank you kindly;" and I began.

Perhaps my reading was monotonous, for my thoughts would not follow the printed words, but wandered far and wide. Be that as it might, when I raised my head at the end of half an hour the old man was nodding. I softly laid the book aside, and sat for a few minutes watching him, and admiring the fine old head, with its long silvery locks, and the strongly marked wrinkled features softened by sleep, before I laid my hand upon his sleeve. He started, and opened his eyes, exclaiming: "I'm sure I ask your—" But the rest of the sentence died upon his lips, and he gazed with a sort of terror at my ungloved hand, still resting on his fustian jacket. "What?—where—where did it come from?" he faltered out in a thin, quavering voice.

I was startled too. I too stared at my hand. "What is it, Philip?"

"The ring—that diamond ring with the big emerald in the middle!"

There were several on my finger. Two that I had seen from my babyhood on the dear hand now lying in the grave, and which, on the very morning that she died, she had given to me, bidding me wear them always, for her sake. The third—the diamond—she had rarely worn; but it had been her mother's, and once she had told me that a tale hung by it. Beneath the stones there was a tiny lock of hair, cut from her head when an infant; and for the sake of that flaxen curl I had put it on among the others. "The diamond ring," I said, drawing it off. "Philip, do you know it?"

He held out his shaking hand, and I laid it in his palm.

"Do you know it?" I repeated, eagerly. "It was my grandmother's once."

Slowly he turned it over, examining it with a strange intent curiosity; then he gave it back to me. "Do I know it?" he said, now first seeming to hear my question. "I have not set eyes on it for more than sixty years; but on my deathbed I shall see that ring as plainly as I see it now."

"What can you mean?" I exclaimed, impatiently. "I don't understand."

"Miss Hester," and there was something solemn in his look and tone, "that ring had well-nigh been my ruin—ay, and my soul's ruin too; and yet" (and a half-smile flashed suddenly across his face)—"and yet it was *not* my ruin, but my making; and if it hadn't been for that ring neither you nor the dear lady that's just gone would have seen the light."

I sat looking at him, listening to him, too much amazed for words.

He noticed my bewildered, half-frightened glances. "Miss Hester, do you care to hear an old man's tale? I have never told it even to my daughter; and I don't suppose there's one living in the place even to guess at it now. They kept it dark for me, and it all died out long ago. But I'm willing to tell it to you, for the sight of that ring seems to open my heart."

"Yes, tell me—pray, tell me," I said, impetuously.

He sat silent for a few minutes, with hands clasped upon his knees, gazing into the fire, then he turned his eyes on me and spoke slowly, as though recalling gradually the distant past.

"I was turned twenty, but I still lived at home with my father and mother; not here in the village, but in an old house half a mile down the Hilbury Road. My father was a carpenter, and had brought me up to the trade, and he let me manage things pretty much my own way, though I was but a lad. I used to think the reason he so seldom crossed me was lest I should get a fancy for roaming, for my mother had fretted sorely when my brother Josiah listed for a soldier; and they had buried two children in Hilbury churchyard. Any how, it seemed as though they could never make enough of me. I was a likely young fellow, strong and hearty, a good hand at my work, and for climbing or wrestling there were few in the country-side could beat me. Ah, well, they were blithe days, when I stood bat in hand at my wicket on the green, or strolled by the river-side with Margaret Leigh! I would not have changed places with a king then. We were to be married one day, Margaret and I, and though the day was some way off, we were young and hopeful, and content to wait. But I don't know why I should trouble you with all our foolish fancies and schemes—only I'm loth to go on to the dark time when the tide turned; for turn it did. First of all my mother fell ill, and most of her careful savings went to pay the doctor. All through one dreary winter she hardly left her bed; and when the spring came, and she was beginning to get about again, there came a run of ill-luck in our trade. One of our best men left us and took work under a carpenter who had just set up in Hilbury, and had drawn off many of our customers. Then we made a venture in a stock of wood that turned out badly; and, worst of all, father cut his wrist, and couldn't so much as lift a tool; and so we went down—down; till sometimes I used to wonder how long, if matters didn't mend, we might have food to eat or a roof to cover us. And Margaret, too—poor Margaret—her aunt died; and about the time when we used to think we might have married she went out to service many a long mile away.

"I was loitering along the green one evening, sore at heart enough by reason of my troubles, when one of the little lads playing catchpenny on the grass looked up from his game to say: 'Dost know, Phil Morris, that the mistress at the Hall is took very ill—like to die, they say?' 'Who told you that?' I growled out. I had grown very surly of late. ''Tis all a lie, I'll be bound.' 'That it ain't, then. Mother were up at the house this very afternoon, and they said as how the doctor had most given her up, and the squire were in a great taking. I heard mother tell father all about it.' I sauntered on, thinking bitterly that here was another blow coming, for the lady at the Hall was kind to every one, and my mother was a favorite of hers. You see, I thought only of myself, not of the good-hearted squire, nor of the many who would miss her. Trouble had made me very selfish, and yet I little dreamed what that bit of news meant for me. Only a day later every one knew that she was really dead. I heard it in the early morning, as I was taking down the window-shutters; and that same evening, as I sat at my bench in the work-shop, one of the grooms from the Hall came riding up to the door. My father was standing there, and the man gave the message to him. A coffin—did I say that we were undertakers as well as carpenters?—a coffin was to be put in hand at once, for the funeral would be in three days' time. It was very soon, as the man said; but they thought it better, for she had died very suddenly. 'You'll go, Phil,' my father said, looking at his lame wrist. Now, he had mostly taken that sort of work; but of late, since his accident, it had once or twice fallen upon me. 'The squire sent word to you,' I answered, 'and your hand is pretty near well now. Hadn't you best go yourself?' 'Nay, nay, my lad,' said the old man; 'be sure the squire heeds little enough just now whether it's father or son that knocks in the nails, and my wrist's not good for much even now. I doubt it never will be again: you'd best go.' So it fell out that it was I who went up to the house to measure the lady—your grandmother, Miss Hester—for her coffin.

"On the day before the funeral I went for the third and last time to finish my work. As I went through the Hall the study-door was pushed partly open, and a little child peeped out. I caught a sight of the darkened room, and the squire sitting by the fire with his head resting on his hand, but he turned quickly, and called the little lad, and the door was shut to again. I can remember, as though it were yesterday, the rosy little face peering out at me, and the dull, muffled sound of my own tread as I went up through the silent house to the room where the body lay. It was a large and lofty room; and all the furniture now in it, the great carved bedstead, the chairs, yes, and the windows too, were hung with white, and folds of white muslin had been thrown over the tall mirrors. Every thing was white except where the coffin stood in the middle of the room, and even there some lilies and white roses had been scattered. There she lay, as I had placed her the day before—the lady who used to come smiling into our houses, and who had never met us without a kindly word. Death had not changed her much, and her still face looked as calm and peaceful as if she had been sleeping. The housekeeper had come up, and stood watching while I softly swept aside the flower-blossoms and set about my work. Presently it was needful that I should move one of the hands which were crossed upon her breast, and, as I lifted it, I saw glittering on the little finger of the other hand a diamond ring. It had been hidden till then, but I saw it now plainly enough—a splendid ring, with two sparkling diamonds, and an emerald in the middle. I looked up in wonder at the housekeeper, and she nodded sadly. 'Yes; it was a fancy of my mistress's. The squire gave her that ring the day they were married, and she has worn it ever since. She always said that she would have it buried with her when she died.' 'It was not on her hand yesterday,' I observed. 'No; the squire brought it up last night, and put it on her finger his own self.' 'It is a beautiful ring;' and I bent down to look at it more closely. 'Yes; it's worth a small fortune, as I've often heard my lady say,' Mrs. Winter made answer. 'But I must go now. Shall you be long about it, Morris?' 'Not very long;' and I hastily took up one of my tools. 'I will send Clare up to give you any help you may want,' she said, and went away.

"But when she was gone I stooped down again for a third long stare at that ring. Then I moved a step or two back, and stood playing idly with the hammer in my hand. It seemed to have bewitched me. I forgot where I was, and what I had to do. I forgot every thing till I heard a step coming along the passage, and I had only just begun my work when Clare came in. It was done. The nails were screwed home, the sweet face was hidden under the coffin lid, and I was walking fast across the park in the cool evening twilight. I began to whistle as I strode along, to wonder whether my mother would have waited supper for me; but in the midst of my wonder my thoughts wandered off to something quite different, something I didn't want to think about just then; so I looked up at the great oaks, and tried to guess at their value; but the next moment came the recollection that the noblest of those big trees, with its huge girth of trunk and its wide-spreading branches, was worth nothing compared to—well—to a certain bright stone which seemed to be still sparkling before my eyes. I had been reared honestly if ever a lad had, and thief would have been nigh as bad a name to me as murderer; but yet, somehow, I couldn't for the life of me get that ring out of my head. I thought of it buried in the ground, doing no one any good, and of what *I* might do, were it mine to sell. My mother shouldn't pinch and fret herself any longer to make both ends meet; my father shouldn't sigh as he saw the loads of wood going past our door to the carpenter's at Hilbury; and Margaret—Margaret and I would be as happy as the day was long, married and settled in the dear old house. But bah! What rubbish all this was when the ring would be in the squire's vault to-morrow night, and we were like to be on the parish before many months were over our heads! When I had come to this, I had come also to the stile leading into the fir-wood. I would not give myself time for any more such fancies; so I put my best foot foremost, and soon was clear of the wood, and tramping along the raised path that led to my father's door.

"The old people were very low that night, for they felt the mistress's loss all the more for their own troubles. 'They say it was quite sudden, Phil,' my father said, as he cut the cheese and passed my mug of beer. 'Mr. Stark, the butler, was down in the village this afternoon, and he said she had only been ill for three days, and no one thought of danger till an hour or two before she died. The squire would have sent off then for some grand doctor, but just as the groom was starting she died, all in a minute as it were.' 'She isn't much changed, is she, Phil?' my mother asked. I didn't half like talking about her, but I made shift to answer pretty quietly: 'No, not a bit. Except for her being so white and still, you'd scarcely know she was dead; but I'm just tired out, so I think I'll be off to bed;' and I left them together, and climbed up the steep staircase to my attic.

"I *was* tired enough, but I couldn't sleep. Even when I did doze off for a few minutes, it was only into a confused dream, in which I always saw that ring. Now I was digging for it madly in a huge heap of shavings; now I was in church with Margaret, and the parson would not read the marriage-service for us till I put the ring on her finger; and now I was buried, pressed down by the damp stifling earth, but holding it tight. I got up at last in the early dawn, and pushing my window open, leaned out for a breath of air. I thought it was the close hot room that had oppressed me, and I threw on my clothes, and went down to the river for a bathe; but when I got there I didn't care to go into the water, and sat down instead upon the bank, staring at the rushes for a good hour. I didn't fight against my fancies now. The temptation had got me, body and soul. Ah, well! I didn't know then, as I do now, that it's the first thoughts which do the harm. If a man once lets himself go on thinking of what he ought to drive out of his mind at once he's lost. He can't get rid of his ugly notions afterward. When I walked away from the river I was a changed man, hardened and reckless. That day was not like other days. The busy little village looked dull enough with the shop-windows closed, and the people, each with some bit of black about them, standing loitering at the street-corners, watching for the funeral procession. My father and mother went to the church-yard, but I had to be up at the Hall. It was a very quiet, simple business. When the old banker at Hilbury had been buried the year before there had been twice as many carriages and plumes; but the squire had always hated fuss and show, and he was too heavy-hearted now to think of any thing but his own grief. His sister was there, and my lady's brother, and one or two cousins, and these, with the doctor and the parson, and some of the old servants, made the whole party, except the little fair-haired boy who held his father's hand when they went down into the vault—that same vault, Miss Hester, in which your own mother was laid but yesterday. You know where it is in the church-yard, not a stone's-throw from the chancel windows. Well, it was all over, and the heavy stone had been let fall again, and when the crowd scattered there was scarcely a dry eye among them.

"We went home by-and-by, and the shutters were taken down, and father and I sat down to our bench; but somehow, neither of us were in the mood for work. He never did much now, though he liked to potter about among his tools, and watch all that went on. To-day he soon put them by, and stood leaning over the half-door looking down the street, while I planed and hammered, or sat idly twirling the foot-rule between my fingers. 'Ah, lad, you've not much heart for carpentering to-day,' my father said at last, as he turned his head and caught sight of my listless figure; 'but there'll be more need for work than ever there was, for we always knew where to look for help before, and I doubt the squire will not be much at the Hall now.' 'Maybe not,' I made answer, and then I got up and walked straight away to the lathe. I didn't want to talk or be talked to, for a strange, savage feeling had got hold of me, and I was half afraid of myself. So the day wore on, and the evening came, and my mother looked into the work-shop, and bade me come to supper. When it was over father reached down his pipe from the mantle-shelf. He and I mostly had a smoke together on the green in the twilight, and I saw that he was waiting for me, but I did not mean to go out with him to-night; so I spoke up in a dogged kind of way, and said: 'I promised to get over to Kettlethorpe, to take the order for that linen-press: there'll be time to get there and back before dark.' 'Nay, nay, my lad,' father answered; 'sure there's no such haste.' 'Yes, there is;' and I spoke the more sharply as I saw father's wondering look. 'It won't do to let a job slip into Gleig's hands for want of looking after it ourselves.' 'Well, well;' and the old man made no more objections, for I think he saw that my mind was made up. At the door I turned to say: 'Don't you sit up, mother. I may be late, if I happen to light on Tom Hill.' 'You ain't going to the public, Phil?' she asked, anxiously. 'I can't tell,' says I, and shut to the door, just hearing father's words: 'Let the lad alone, missus; he'll come to no harm,' as I tramped up stairs. I had something to do before I went out, and I wanted to do it quietly.

"So I waited up there till I saw my father strolling, pipe in mouth, toward the green, and knew by the clattering plates that my mother was washing up in the back-kitchen, and then I went softly down, and through the wood-yard to the work-shop. Once in there, I turned the key and looked about me. Some tools were lying on the bench, and from these I chose two or three—a sharp screw-driver, a hammer, and a wedge. Then I went to a cupboard, and pushing back some boxes and parcels, came upon an old dark-lantern that had stood there untouched for perhaps a dozen years. I had to look in another closet for a bit of candle and some matches; but I had them all at last, tied up the tools and lantern in a scrap of matting, slipped the candle and matches in my pocket, unlocked the work-shop door, and then crossing it, went out with my bundle in my hand by a side-door at the opposite end, which led, not into the village street, but into a cart-track, hardly ever used, and then into a paddock, shut in by high hedges. There was no one in sight as I ran across the paddock, and so struck into the sandy lane—you know it well, Miss Hester—which runs along by the church-yard wall. In two minutes more I was over the wall, and skirting it inside. At the corner close by I knew there were some loose stones. I knelt down by these, pushed aside two or three, laid my parcel down between them, and piled the stones carefully up again, so that they hid it. Then I looked cautiously all round, to be sure that I was not seen, and vaulting over the low wall, slid down the steep green bank. Now I could breathe again, for I didn't care who met me. I went round by the sexton's house, which stood near the church-yard gate, but I did not go in there; I only looked well at it, and at the little outhouse hard by, as I passed, and then I was away over the moors to Kettlethorpe. I walked fast, not whistling, not thinking, only trying to get over the ground as quickly as I could. My business was soon done, but yet it was quite dark when I turned my face homeward—darker than usual, for the moon was young, and the driving clouds hid the stars. I heard the church clock strike ten as I crossed the last bit of level ground, and began to make my way down the slope toward the village.

"I wasn't in a hurry now, though the night-wind blew chill in my face, and made me shiver; I sat down on a tuft of damp grass, and watched till one by one the lights in the village beneath died out. When the last glimmer of candle-light was gone from the sexton's windows just below me I started up, and half ran, half scrambled down the hill-side. This time I stopped by the wicket-gate that led into the sexton's garden, lifted the latch silently, and stole across the grass, not to the cottage door, but to the little shed beyond, and stepping in, I felt cautiously with my hand along the wall. Yes; there stood the spade and pickaxe as I had seen them two hours ago. It was the pickaxe I wanted; and lifting it on to my shoulder, I crept back over the little grass-plot, and out into the lane. Dark as it was, I felt as if a hundred eyes were watching me then. Panting, and with shaking knees, I climbed up the bank and over the church-yard wall, and groped my way to the corner where I had left my tools. By the dim moonlight I could just see the white heap of stones, but it took me a long while to find my parcel. I had it at last, and with it in one hand and the pickaxe in the other, I struck across the church-yard to—to the vault. You know now what I meant to do: I was going to rob the dead.

"I stumbled twice over the low foot-stones, which I could not see. Once I fell, bruising my knee; but I got there at last. If I hadn't known the place so well I should hardly have been able to find it; but I had taken my bearings that morning, and I could just see the sharp point of the marble monument standing out against the gray sky. The stone I had to lift was not many inches off, and, stooping down, I felt for it upon the ground. I soon found the rough edge, more by my fingers than my eyes, and then I knew whereabouts to stick in my pickaxe. When I had done this the loose soil round so lately disturbed made my work easy enough, and though it cost me a tough strain, I had the stone up before you could count a hundred. I did not wait a moment. I was like one possessed as I went on hands and knees down the narrow slippery stone steps into the vault. I was scared enough, and though the perspiration was running down my face, I was all of a cold shiver. But yet I verily believe that if any body had come upon me then I should have killed them. There was just a glimmer of light thrown into the vault from the opening above, but not enough for me. It helped me, however, to push back the slide of my lantern, and stick in my bit of candle, and then I groped my way on to the furthest side of the vault, and struck a match. It fizzed, blazed up, and went out. With a muttered oath—it wasn't often that I swore, but I did then—I tried another, and this time it kept alight till the wick of the candle caught, and showed the vaulted roof and the dark row of coffins ranged round the stone floor. I did not want to look at them. I closed up the lantern, and putting it on the ground with its light side toward the one coffin *I wanted*, I went back to the steps to find out if there was any glimmer to be seen above. No. I was safe so far: no spark of light showed there. Now for my screw-driver. If only I could do the work silently enough! The first noise of my effort was startling, and I scarcely dared try another; but I remembered that the vault lay deep, and that there were no houses within a furlong of it. At any rate, I was in for it now, and I got used to the sound as I bent desperately to my task. The oaken lid had been tightly screwed, I knew, but that once open, the business was done—for the time had been too short to make a leaden coffin also. Screw after screw came out, and yet there were more. All at once I fancied I heard a sound above, and my heart stopped beating, and I stood still as the dead around me, grasping the hammer in my hand. It came again, and I knew it this time for the screech of the night-owl in the church-tower. If I could not have wrung its neck for the fright it had given me! To work again: more screws; and now the last was out, and I could move the heavy lid.

"I threw back the lace covering from the body, and the glimmer of the lantern fell on the dead face, as unchanged as on that first day when I had gone up to the Hall. I could not bear to look at it; I knew I should see it forever in my dreams if I did, and yet, somehow, I had noticed every thing: how the dark eyes seemed to give a blue shade to the eyelids closed over them; and how the long lashes lay on the white cheek, before I forced myself back to my work. Even then the still white face was before me, close to mine. I would have hidden it under the lace again, but then I must cover the hands as well. I thought of my own spotted handkerchief; but something—I don't know what—kept me from laying that *there*. Best get the ring off, and be away from the place. It was on the left hand, the one that lay underneath, and the clammy touch of the fingers made me shudder; but I held them fast, for I saw the diamond glittering in the dim light. I tried to draw it off; but slender as the finger was, the ring would not slide along it. It seemed fixed there as though no power on earth could move it. I wrenched at it with my own big trembling fingers, and got it as far as the first joint—but further it would not come. What should I do? Of a sudden I stooped down and took it firmly between my teeth. It was coming now! I felt it slip. It was off—in my mouth—in my hand. Just for one instant I saw it lying in my palm, and then—I saw something else. A goblin? No; but a stain of blood on the white slender hand, and a pair of brown eyes looking fixedly at me.

"I could not move; I could not breathe; I was like one turned to stone. Slowly the head lying in the coffin turned, and the pale lips moved, and the hand—the stained hand—where the ring had been, grasped feebly the edge of the coffin, and then—then the whole figure stirred, and tried to get up! I turned at that, and with a frightful cry dashed the ring to the floor, and fled, mad with terror, up the stone stairs. On, on! never stopping, never looking round; breathless, gasping, across the church-yard, over the wall, and now I had broken through the rotten park paling, and was tearing through the fern and long grass on toward the Hall. There was a light in the Hall window, and I made for it. I fancied I saw her gaining on me; I seemed to hear the rustling of the grave-clothes at my ear; but I struggled on—up the broad flight of steps, and rang the great bell as though I would have pulled it down. Before they opened the door I had fallen half unconscious on the stones; but I could just see some figures bending over me, and I could just pant out: 'The vault! my lady!' before I fainted dead away."

The old man paused for a moment, took a deep breath, and passed his wrinkled hand through his hair.

"That's my story, Miss Hester. When they got to the vault they found the lady sitting upright in her coffin—alive, though trembling, and sorely scared—and the diamond ring lay on the floor. The lady had been in some strange death-like fit, till my rough usage brought a flow of blood, and so revived her. When I came out of my long swoon it was the squire who stood alone by my bedside, and first heard my story. He forgave me then and there. For once an ill deed had brought about a good end, and he was too happy to be hard. But after that night of horror I would not have stolen a farthing's worth to save my life. No one but the squire and my own father ever heard the whole history from me, and they gave it out that there had been good reasons for opening the vault that night. But there were some shrewd guesses made when the wonderful news got abroad, and the squire contrived to send me away from home on some business of his own for a year or two. When I came back, it was the dear lady herself who set me going in my father's business, and helped me on to my marriage with Margaret. She had a baby girl then—your mother, Miss Hester—and she lived on for fifteen years." He stopped, took the ring again in his hand, and turned it over, sighing wearily. "'Tis sixty years back, and it seems but yesterday," he repeated as he gave it me. "An ill conscience is a fearful thing, Miss Hester."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A lady once remarked, in speaking of a distinguished living actor, "I know —— is a gentleman, *for I have seen him eat*." If, from an unseen point of view, one could survey our city restaurants between the hours of twelve and two on any day, or even inspect the more retired dining-rooms of our citizens at later hours, and apply the test of *eating*, what would be the result? Probably the lady referred to had in mind various niceties of manner which mark a person of culture and refinement nowhere more than at the table; but Americans possess one great and very universal fault, which is alike hurtful to indulge in, and unpleasant to behold. A great national evil is *fast eating*. Bolting down food as if upon a wager disorders the stomach; then comes dyspepsia, from which almost every evil results. That energetic briskness, which is a valuable quality in a business man, should be curbed at meal-time. If business presses, and the time for a luncheon is short, eat ever so little, or even nothing, rather than burden the system with hastily-swallowed, half-masticated food. When over-wearied and exhausted, a hearty and hasty meal is always dangerous, and sometimes fatal.

In addition to a quiet moderation in eating, a thousand little nameless niceties—the want of any one of which, however, is easily detected—indicate the well-bred eater. There are plenty of rules for "table manners;" but moderation, quietness, scrupulous neatness, and the exercise of ordinary good sense and good taste, form, in general, a very respectable basis for the conduct. Yet how often might we truthfully exclaim, with the poet:

"Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
That merciless fell, like tomahawks, to work."

At this season, when the markets are flooded with melons of every kind, it may not be inopportune to bear in mind that Frederick, Emperor of Germany, who died in 1403, and Emperor Maximilian II. of Germany, both came to an untimely death in consequence of indulging in an immoderate passion for melons! Yet melons are very good, and by no means unwholesome, when eaten at proper times and in suitable quantities.

New York has been alarmed, and apparently with some reason, in reference to the impregnation of the Croton water with carbonate of lead from the pipes through which it is conveyed. The matter is one of serious interest, and the attention of many physicians has been directed to it, and investigations of various kinds have been made. It is believed that many diseases, and fatal ones too, are becoming more frequent from the lead poison conveyed in the Croton water. An evening paper recently stated that, allowing each individual a single pint of Croton per day, New York swallows in the aggregate the enormous amount of not less than 12,500 *grains of carbonate of lead* per year. The tin-lined lead pipes are said to be perfectly innocuous. A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, however, seems to think there are two sides to the question, and writes as follows: "Chemistry reveals the fact that metals differing in crystalline structure, when placed together in liquid acids, or even in common water, are by galvanic action rapidly oxydized, disintegrated, or destroyed. If lead and tin are placed in juxtaposition with access of water, one or both of the metals will suffer from corrosion. The least defect in soldering, or crack from bending, overstraining, defective manufacture, or corrosive action, whereby the water comes in contact with the lead, would cause electrical currents to commence to flow between the metals, disintegration would be the result with the metals, and lead poisoning to those using the water. The simple lead pipe, though dangerous, is safer than those lined with tin, for the above reasons."

An excited individual walked into an apothecary shop in Portland the other day and nervously asked for creosote. The shop-keeper had none. "Then," said he, "what have you got that will kill a man?" "Oh," said the apothecary, "do you want to kill yourself?" The man said he did, and wanted to make short work of it. "Then I have got just what you want," continued the jocose dealer in drugs; whereupon he filled the hair-oil bottle produced by the suicidal individual with a strong dose of tinture of cayenne pepper, telling him that if the first potion did not produce the desired effect to take another in fifteen minutes! The would-be suicide hastened away with a tragic air.

A most terrific nitro-glycerine explosion recently occurred on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, near Urbana, Ohio. Ten cars were burned to ashes. They were loaded with flour and pork; but it is supposed that nitro-glycerine had been smuggled into the car next the engine, which exploded. The report was tremendous, having been heard thirty miles distant. An iron rail was thrown three hundred yards from the track and was bent double by the force. A house a quarter of a mile from the wreck was almost demolished, and the vibration came with such force that timbers flew in every direction, and telegraph wires were thrown down for about 600 yards. No one but the engineer was seriously hurt.

An electric light, which has been displayed for many nights from the French steamer, *St. Laurent*, at the foot of Morton Street, is said to be more powerful than any light of the kind ever before exhibited. The inventor is M. Berlioz, of Paris. It is stated that this light will penetrate the densest fog for the distance of two or more miles, while on dark nights, depending of course on its altitude, its rays can be seen from thirty to forty miles.

Professor Liebig, one of the most eminent chemists in the world, assures us that fourteen hundred and sixty quarts of the best Bavaria beer contained exactly the nourishment of a two-and-a-half pound loaf of bread and no more.

The inventor of Planchette is said to have cleared $50,000 out of his mysterious toy.

A Philadelphia paper speaks of "Mr. A. T. Stewart's new residence on Fifth *Street*." New Yorkers are better posted about its whereabouts. It is rumored that this elegant building, which is verging toward completion, is to be devoted to literary and public purposes. We give the rumor as it comes to us.

Those who are annoyed almost beyond endurance by peddlers of every kind, perpetually calling at their offices and places of business, will enjoy the following incident:

A pompous, well-dressed individual entered a bank in Boston, and, addressing the teller, inquired:

"Is the cashier in?"

"No, Sir," was the reply.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well; I will wait."

The pen-peddler took a chair and sat composedly for a full hour waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but after twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and seeing no prospect of a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon he would be in.

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time."

Peddler thought he would not wait.

"Oh, you may stay if you wish," said the teller, very blandly. "We have no objection to your sitting here in the daytime, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you nights."

The pompous peddler disappeared without another word.

According to recent reports, there are in Spain 27,000 primary schools, having in all 1,500,000 pupils; 64 establishments of secondary instruction; 10 universities, and 20 special schools for fine arts, navigation, industry, etc. There are about 150 private schools. The library at Madrid contains 300,000 volumes, and the Central University the same number. The University of Barcelona has 136,000 volumes.

About seven thousand acres of land in Middle Tennessee, situated on what is known as the Cumberland Plateau, have been donated to the Swiss Emigration Society by a public-spirited citizen of that locality. The Consul-General of Switzerland has inspected that section of Tennessee, and considers it peculiarly well adapted for the culture of fruits and vegetables. There are many Swiss who propose to emigrate to the United States.

The "Thames Embankment" must give a new aspect to some sections of London. From Westminster Bridge to Lambeth Palace on the right bank, and from Westminster Hall to Temple Bar on the left, an immense granite quay has been constructed, stated to be of thirty-nine acres superficies, 4 feet above the water, and 30 feet foundation below, and surrounded by a pavement 30 feet wide, beyond which is a macadamized central track 60 feet broad. A wall about the height of a man is the termination of this superb architecture, behind which the gardens adjoining the residences situated along the river are seen. The best arrangements are made for loading and unloading the heaviest cargoes; and floating bridges afford means of embarkation and debarkation. It would be a happy thing if some other cities would follow the example of London in this respect.

It is estimated that the quantity of ripe grapes consumed by the city of Paris this year will exceed ten thousand tons, exclusive of those cultivated within the city limits.

The Russians are becoming greatly excited by the preaching of an old Muscovite peasant who, after a seclusion of several years, now declares himself a prophet. He is going from place to place announcing the approaching destruction of the Crescent and the substitution of the Greek Cross for it, on the dome of St. Sophia at Constantinople. The Russian Government allows every liberty to this popular agitator, who does not attack the administration in any way.

There is an institution at Dusseldorf, Prussia, established by the celebrated Pastor Fliedner, for the training of deaconesses, who resemble in many respects the Catholic "Sisters of Charity." They wear a neat uniform, resembling the dress of Quaker ladies. They have been found specially useful as assistants to foreign missionaries. They perform Christian services of various descriptions, where male missionaries would obtain no access whatever. The chief objects of their care are the children, the women, and the sick.

The trunk of the poplar-tree is now used for making paper. The trees are sawed into blocks, split, the bark and knots removed, and then thoroughly soaked in pure water. A machine similar to a common grindstone is used to reduce the wood into pulp. When the pulp is pressed and all the water removed it is ready for use. Poplar-wood is by nature so pure and white that no chemicals or bleaches are required to make a fit material for manufacturing printing paper. Three parts of the wood pulp is usually mixed with one part rags, to give the paper strength and smoothness.

Many unaccustomed travelers, desiring to stop at some way station on their route, are seriously puzzled to know when they reach their place of destination. The cars stop every few moments, the conductor opens the door and shouts out some unintelligible name, but what it is few can tell, and many are perplexed and uneasy. A good plan has been adopted on the cars of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad. The apparatus consists externally of a box, surmounted by a bell, and having a glass plate in front, under which the name of a station appears in letters of about three inches in length. When the train arrives at the station named on the indicator, the bell on the top of the box rings, and presently the name of the next station on the line appears under the glass plate.

A young man fell in love, not many months ago, with the only daughter of an aristocratic family in Paris. He was uncertain how the head of the household would regard him, but he behaved his best, and kept the young lady supplied with the latest publications. One day the father, happening to return from business when the rest of the family were out, attempted to while away the time with the last new novel, which he found on the table. He was surprised to find a number of words underlined with a lead-pencil, "not beautiful passages," but insignificant words. Suddenly an idea occurred to him, and, connecting the underlined words, his petrified eyes read as follows: "Dearest Mademoiselle,—Will—it—insult—you—if—I—tell—you—that—I—adore;"—in short, a love-letter of the most gushing description, closing with the suggestive words: "Answer—in—the—next—chapter." The exasperated father took a pencil, underlined some words in the next chapter, wrapped the book in a piece of paper, and instructed his footman to take it back to the sentimental young gentleman. The latter opened the volume, his heart throbbing like a sledge-hammer, and read as follows: "If—you—impudent—puppy—dare—again—to—cross—the—threshold—of—my—house—I—shall—kick—you—out—of—the—window."

A young man living in St. Louis, being perplexed about the payment of a note, rose in his sleep, and went from the garret through a trap-door upon the roof of the house. Here he was discovered by his brother seated upon the furthest and narrow edge of the wall, with his hands clasped around one knee, *en deshabille*, and the whole attitude expressing dejection. The brother was a brave man, but the sight filled him with horror. The least start backward, the swerve even of half a hand's-breadth, and the somnambulist would be dashed to pieces upon the stones below. Knowing it would be instant death if he awoke him by calling to him, the brother procured a rope, made a noose in it, tied one end to the chimney, and then by a dextrous cast threw the rope tightly around his brother's shoulders, literally dragging him from his fearful perch before he became conscious.

WIND.

Wind! There is wind in the furrows,
  Wind! There is wind in the sky;
No coign too low for its power,
  No throne for its might too high!

It is here, through the sea-shells moaning,
  It is there, in the vaulted blue;
Aloft, where the gold stars glimmer,
  Below, where the ferns drop dew.

Whence it cometh none may discover,
  Whence it goeth none may say;
It ariseth oft in the gloaming,
  Dies out ere the roseate day.

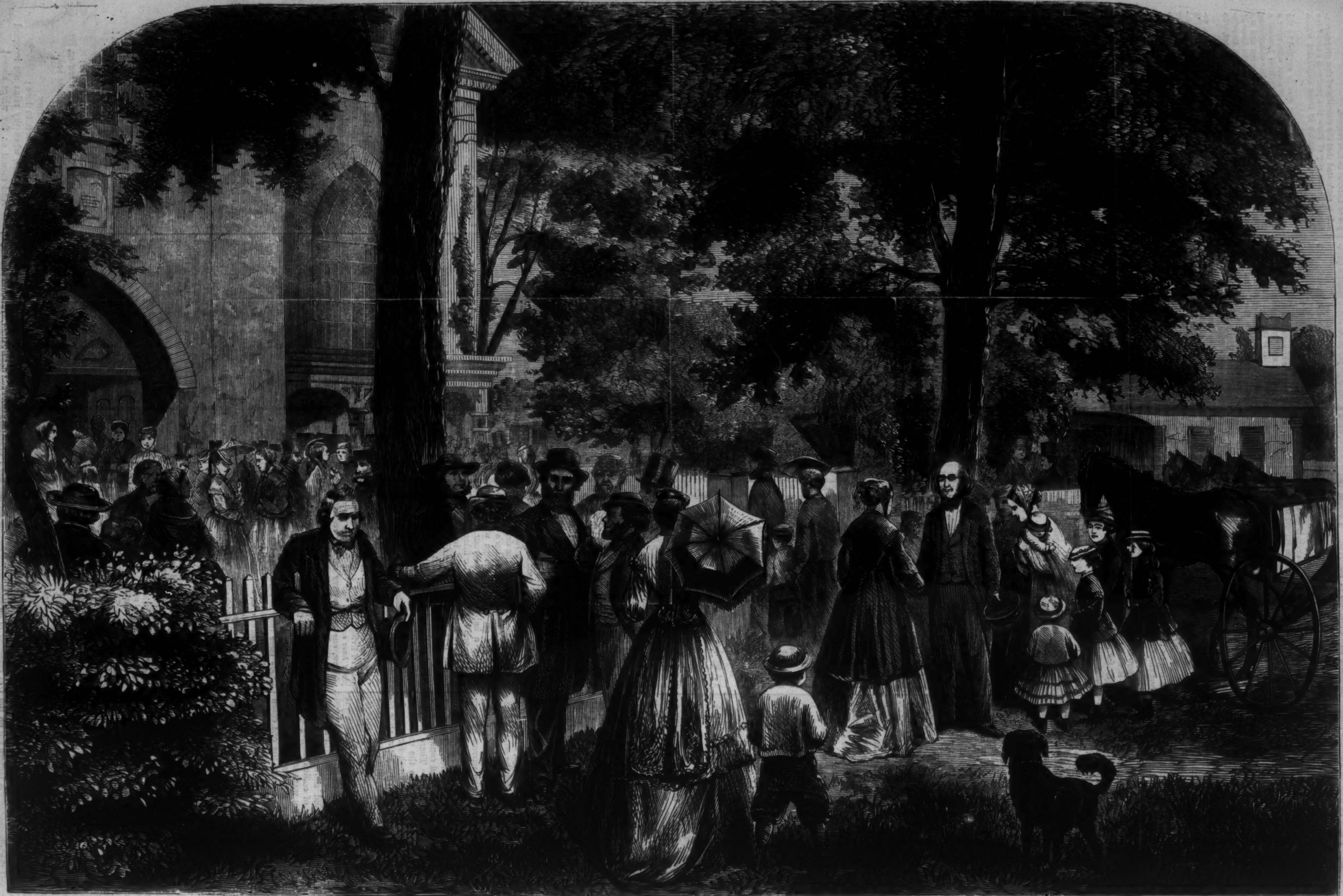
Or it swells in the day in its fury,
  A Titan, that mocketh sight;
And lo! in a mood capricious,
  Is calm as the dove ere night.

Now it rendeth sails on the ocean,
  With the wrath of the Power of Death
Now bends to the green corn-meadows,
  And stirreth the ears with a breath.

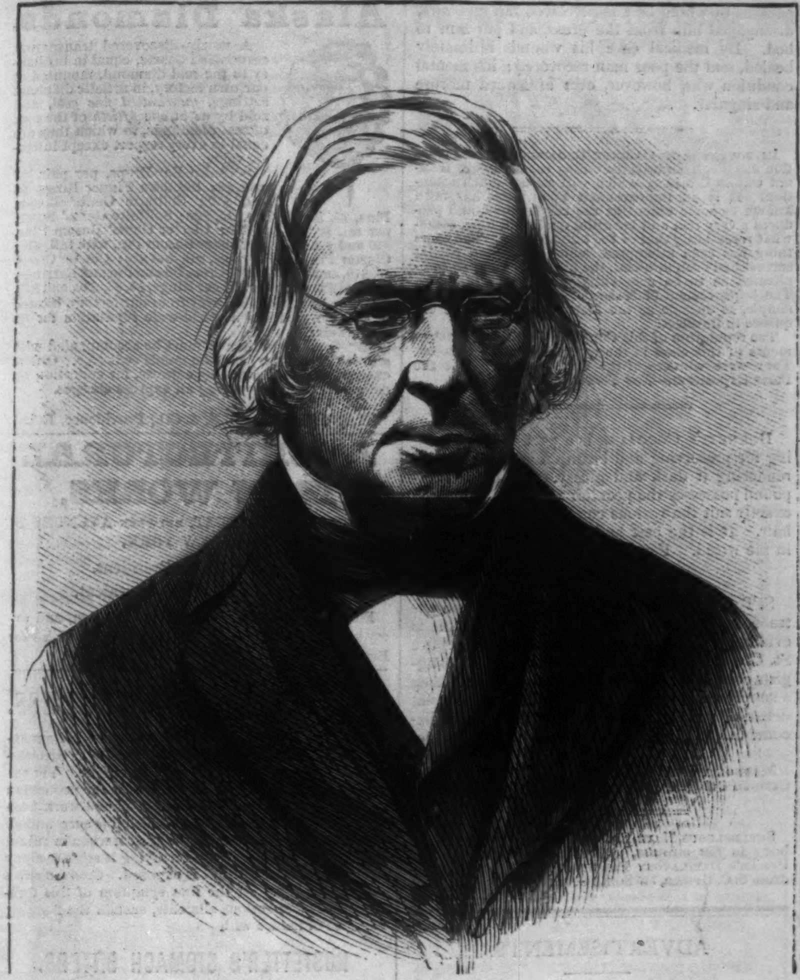
Wind! I would die in the blowing
  Of a cloud-flecked, soft moonlight;
Wind! I would die in the flowing
  Of those grand cloud-waves at night!

I would leave this weary Being,
  For the vast, unknown To Be;
I would see, with an angel's seeing,
  The depths of that pathless sea!

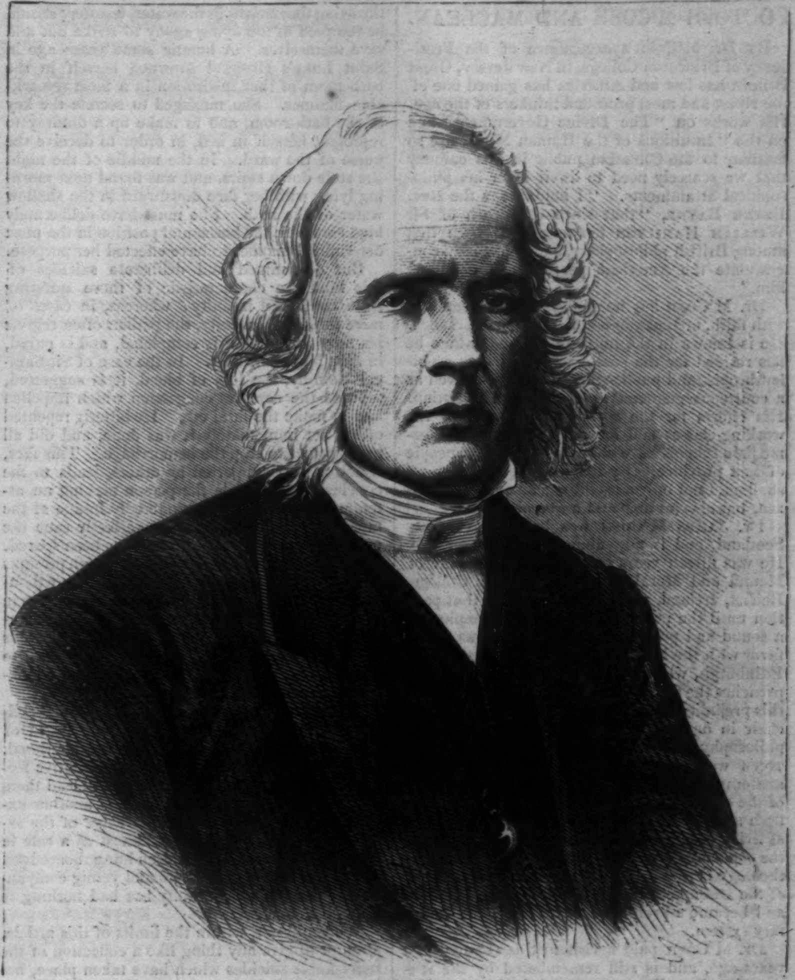
O Giant! all-grim in fury,
  O Angel! all-soft in love;
I would die, when thy reins are loosened
  And mount on thy wings above!



THE COUNTRY CHURCH—BEFORE SERVICE, SUNDAY MORNING.—Sketched by W. H. Davenport.—[See Page 669.]



JOHN MACLEAN, D.D., LL.D., RETIRING PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE, N. J.
[See Page 670.]



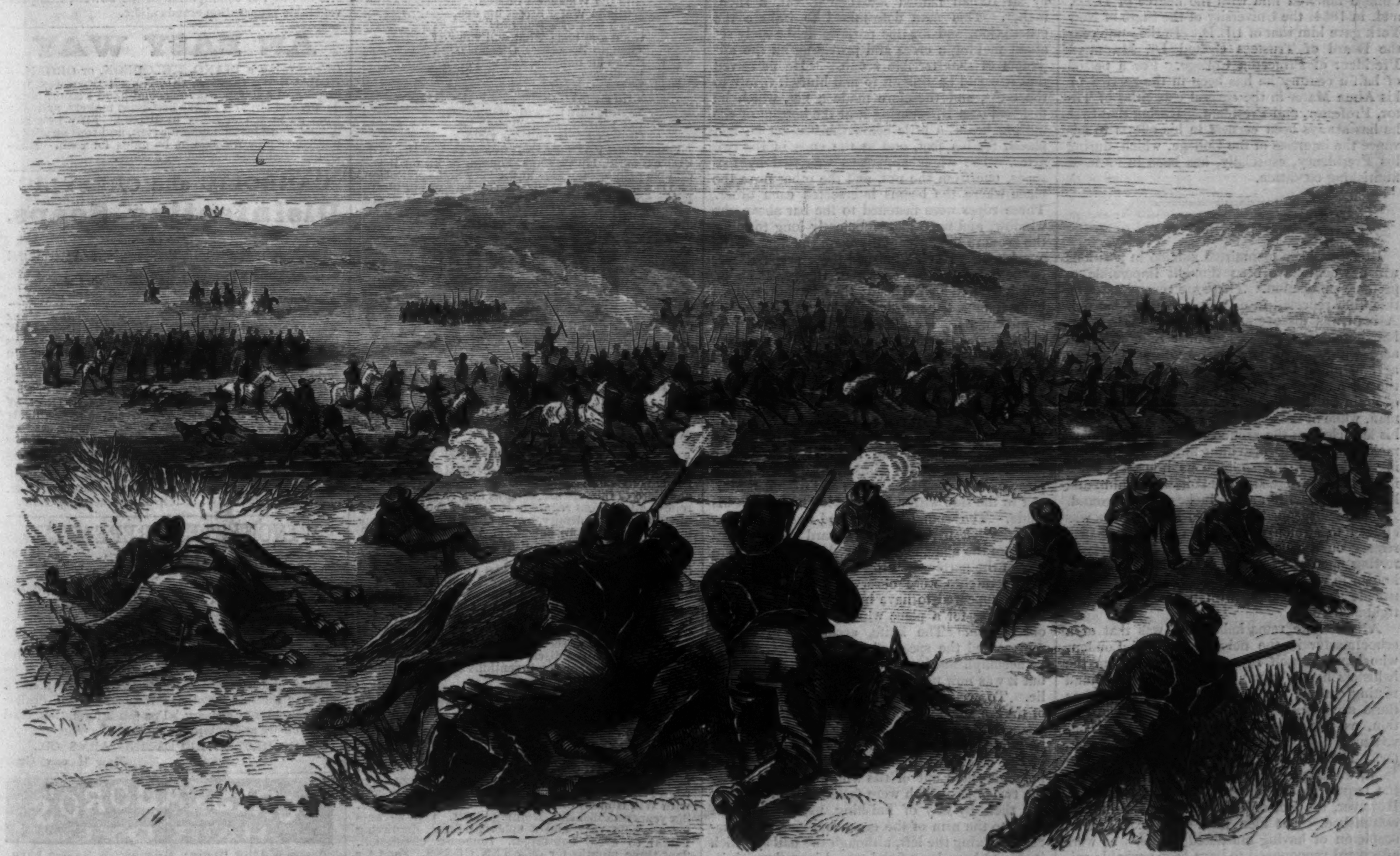
JAMES M'COSH, LL.D., THE NEW PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE, N. J.
[See Page 670.]

ATTACK ON COLONEL FORSYTH'S COMMAND.

On the 10th of September Colonel **Forsyth**, with fifty picked men, left Fort Wallace, Kansas, in pursuit of some Indians who had been committing depredations in that neighborhood. He was attacked by between 300 and 400 Indians on the morning of the 17th. When the enemy first made his appearance on the bluff, about two miles from Colonel **Forsyth**'s camp, the latter crossed his men over to Small Island. The Indians advanced, and kept up a steady fire until 11 o'clock A.M. Then there was a lull until the middle of the afternoon, when the savages, reinforced to the number of about 700, renewed the attack with better success. They fought till sunset, and then made a desperate charge upon the camp, which they failed to capture. They continued their attack until nearly midnight, when two scouts managed to escape from the camp by crawling on their hands and knees through the enemy's lines. They brought information of Colonel **Forsyth**'s situation to Fort Wallace, from which post a hundred men were sent out with provisions to his relief. Colonel **Forsyth** was wounded in the engagement; Lieutenant **Beecher** and Dr. **Moore** received mortal wounds. About twenty others were wounded more or less severely.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

This characteristic illustration (page 668) gives a picture somewhat familiar to our country friends—at least to those whose memory reaches back to the scenes of twenty years ago. The scene is laid in New Jersey, about fifteen miles distant from Hoboken. The people in the fore-ground are the descendants of old Dutch settlers, many of whom to this day speak the language of their ancestors. The church illustrates the style of architecture formerly adopted by the Dutch Reformed denomination; above the main entrance is an ornamental stone on which is inscribed a text from the Dutch Bible. The time selected by the artist is that just preceding the morning service on Sunday morning. It is a quaint and interesting picture of the good old times, when every Sabbath morning witnessed the "reunion" of Christian families for many miles around.



ENGAGEMENT OF COLONEL FORSYTH'S COMMAND WITH THE INDIANS AT SMALL ISLAND, September 17, 1868.

DOCTORS M'COSH AND MACLEAN.

By Dr. M'Cosh's acceptance of the Presidency of Princeton College, in New Jersey, Great Britain has lost and America has gained one of the ripest and most profound thinkers of the age. His works on "The Divine Government" and on the "Intuitions of the Human Mind" are so familiar to the Christian public in this country that we scarcely need to dwell upon his philosophical attainments. "I hold," says the Rev. Peter Bayne, "that since the death of Sir William Hamilton his name has been first among British philosophers, and I cordially congratulate the American people upon obtaining him."

Dr. M'Cosh has no philosophy that conflicts with faith, or that can not be reduced to practice. He is known in the north of Ireland, where he has resided for the past sixteen years, as a philanthropist and public-spirited citizen, as well as a courteous gentleman and thorough Christian. His efforts for the social improvement of the working-classes and for the extension of intermediate schools have endeared him to the people of that province. By his residence with us we shall gain not only a useful and an energetic citizen, but also an able and a liberal scholar.

Dr. James M'Cosh was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, and is now about fifty years of age. He was fifteen years ago called to the chair of Mental and Moral Science in Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, and has remained in that position until the present time. As a champion of a sound and practical philosophy he was not in favor with the literary coteries of London and of Edinburgh, who pooh-pooh any thing which approaches the standard of a positive faith; but for this prejudice he might have held a philosophical chair in one of the Scottish Universities. His philosophy compared with Sir William Hamilton's was what physiology is compared with anatomy; while he did not lack the acuteness of the dialectician, he clothed his skeletons with flesh and blood, and they readily took their place as living organisms in a world of progress. Hence the popularity of even his profoundest works. His theology is that of Dr. Chalmers. At the time of the Disruption he left the Established Church and became a prominent advocate of the voluntary system.

Dr. M'Cosh paid a visit to this country two years ago, and is still remembered by the students of the college over which he is to preside. He is described as a "handsome man, of rather more than the average height, with finely cut features, a calm and genial expression of the face, and a head thinly covered with gray hair." His disposition is genial and commands the affection of all his pupils, and he is as hospitable at home as he is cordial on the street; in the class-room he is an excellent teacher and disciplinarian.

Dr. John Maclean, the retiring President, was born in Princeton, in the year 1798. He entered college in the year 1812, and was graduated in 1816 at the age of eighteen. Two years after graduation he began the study of theology in the Princeton Seminary, and in the same year (1818) was appointed tutor in the College. He remained three years in the Seminary, the course at that time being five years. He was elected to the Greek Professorship in 1829. Washington College honored him with the degree of D.D., and, in 1854, the University of the State of New York gave him that of LL.D. In the same year the Board of Trustees elected Dr. Maclean President of Princeton College. For a period of half a century he has been in the service of his Alma Mater in the several capacities of Tutor, Professor, and President. During that time he has always been earnest in his efforts to advance the interests of the College, which, during his Presidency, especially, has been in its most flourishing condition.

SUICIDES.

Persons have committed suicide in positions which would have been thought impossible to produce suffocation. There are several cases of this kind reported in a French medical journal. A man was discovered hanging by his pocket-handkerchief, suspended from a rope stretched across a granary. His legs were found bent at a right angle backward, the knees hanging at the distance of a few inches only from a heap of grain on the floor. It would appear that the man, while in the act of hanging, must have held his legs clear of the ground in this extraordinary manner. Another man hung himself from a grating, which was not so high as himself; when found his legs were stretched out before him, and his hips were within a few inches of the ground. A female suspended herself so low that she was obliged to stretch out her legs one in advance resting on the heel, the other behind her body resting upon the toes. There have been cases known in which death has been produced by the suicide simply leaning with the neck against a tightened cord.

A still more remarkable case was that of a schoolmaster in the neighborhood of London, who hung himself in such a manner from the balusters by his cravat, that his body was found resting entirely upon the stairs. Such cases as these are often open to medico-legal investigation, as murders may sometimes be very conveniently hidden by contrivances of this character. The suicide of the Duke de Bourbon, in 1830, was supposed by some of the witnesses at the inquest to be only a hidden assassination. However, the fact of the suicide was ultimately established. But men have been executed on suspicion of having murdered others, who were afterward pronounced to have been veritable suicides. Many men who can swim well have been known to tie their hands and legs together before throwing themselves in the water, lest they should be tempted in the dying agony to strike out and save themselves. A lunatic some years ago in Saint Luke's Hospital drowned herself in the bath-room of that institution in a most remarkable manner. She managed to secrete the key of the bath-room, and to make up a dummy to represent herself in bed, in order to deceive the nurse of the ward. In the middle of the night she stole down stairs, and was found next morning lying with her face downward in the shallow water of the bath. She must have deliberately kept herself in the horizontal position in the most determined manner to have effected her purpose.

But determined and deliberate suicides of this kind are characteristic of those suffering from confirmed insanity; whereas, in cases of mere impulsive insanity, the patient often regrets his attempt before it is completed, and is cured, in fact, by the attempt. In the case of Sir Samuel Romilly, the loss of blood, it is suggested, relieved the cerebral congestion which impelled him to make the fatal cut. He bitterly repented of his act immediately it was done, and did all in his power to stop the hemorrhage. This fact, which is well supported by others, leads to the conclusion that while the person making an attempt upon his life is undoubtedly insane at the moment, yet that he may be perfectly sane the moment after, provided his life has been spared. The impulse may be likened to that which prompts people to leap from great heights. There are thousands of persons who dare not trust themselves in such positions. The same feeling is very common with respect to razors in certain nervous conditions of the body. It would be absurd to suppose that this fear of an impulse can be looked upon as a symptom of insanity.

There are many cases upon the books of children committing suicide after having heard of some example of the kind in their neighborhood. It seems almost incredible that the imitative faculty in infants of seven or eight should lead them to such extremities, but it is only another example of the total want of knowledge of the sacredness of life which exists almost as a rule in youth. Not only have children hung themselves, but their brothers and sisters and young companions. Here, again, insanity has had nothing to do with the act.

We could not, within the limits of this article, attempt to give any thing like a collection of the remarkable suicides which have taken place, but we may be allowed to quote a few examples that have been placed on record. We have mentioned a few cases of this kind which apparently have been prompted by a morbid desire to astonish; but an instance was afforded at Fressonville, in Picardy, which has a touch of the grotesque in it worthy of a Frenchman. On a sudden the church bell was heard to ring at an unusual hour, in a very agitated manner. Upon the cause being inquired into, it was found that a man had hung himself to the clapper, and in the agitation caused by his position, the bell rang in the strange manner that had excited attention. The man, happily, was not dead: the attempt was certainly a grim effort to ring his own death-knell. In another case a woman deliberately broke a hole in the ice, placed her head in it, and held it there until she was drowned. The most extraordinary example of a deliberate attempt at suicide combined with publicity we have heard of, was made by an Italian named Matthew Lovat, a shoemaker. This man determined to imitate the crucifixion, and for this purpose deliberately set about making a cross and providing all the adjuncts of that terrible scene. "He perceived that it would be difficult to nail himself firmly to the cross, and therefore made a net, which he fastened over it, securing it at the bottom of the upright beam, a little below the bracket he had placed for his feet, and at the ends of the two arms. The whole apparatus was tied by two ropes, one from the net, and the other from the place where the beams intersected each other. These ropes were fastened to the bar above the window, and were just sufficiently long to allow the cross to lie horizontally upon the floor of the apartment. Having finished these preparations, he next put on his crown of thorns, some of which entered his forehead; then, having stripped himself naked, he girded his loins with a white handkerchief. He then introduced himself into the net, and seating himself on the cross, drove a nail through the palm of his right hand, by striking its head upon the floor until the point appeared on the other side. He now placed his feet on the bracket he had prepared for them, and with a mallet drove a nail completely through them both, entering a hole he had previously made to receive it, and fastened them to the wood. He next tied himself to the cross by a piece of cord round his waist, and wounded himself in the side with a knife which he used in his trade. The wound was inflicted two inches below the left hypochondre, toward the internal angle of the abdominal cavity, but did not injure any of the parts which the cavity contains. Several scratches were observed upon his breast which appeared to have been done by the knife in probing for a place which should present no obstruction. The knife, according to Lovat, represented the spear of the Passion. All this he accomplished in the interior of his apartment, but it was now necessary to show himself in public. To accomplish this, he had placed the foot of the cross upon the window-sill, which was very low, and by pressing his fingers against the floor, he gradually drew himself forward until, the foot of the cross overbalancing the head, the whole machine tilted out of the window, and hung by the two ropes which were fastened to the beam. He then, by way of finishing, nailed his right hand to the arm of the cross, but could not succeed in fixing the left, although the nail by which it was to have been fixed was driven through it, and half of it came out on the other side." This took place at eight o'clock in the morning. Some persons by whom he was perceived ran up stairs, disengaged him from the cross, and put him to bed. By medical care his wounds ultimately healed, and the poor man recovered; his mental condition was, however, ever afterward morose and singular.

Improvement in Cabinet Organs.—A new invention has just been brought out by the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company which will attract much attention. It is an improvement upon what has been known to some extent as the *vox humana*, and produces a very rich and beautiful quality of tone, somewhat resembling that of the human voice. The same thing has been attempted before, but when partial success had been attained, the machinery was so complicated as to be constantly getting out of order. The improvement of Mason & Hamlin is ingenious, simple, as durable as the instrument itself, and exquisite in its effect.

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Blair himself is after you;
And the Wickedest of Men,
While in Water Street his den,
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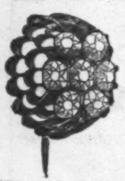

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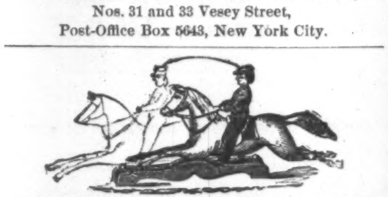

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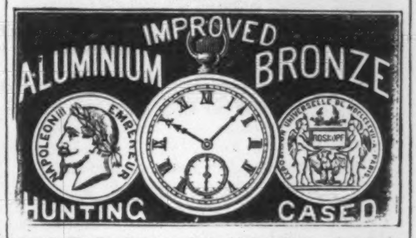

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